



messing
about in
BOATS

Special Features This Issue
“The Big Blow”
“The Little Schooner That Could”
“Two Boats and a Shark”

Volume 25 - Number 11

October 15, 2007



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On the Cover...

Dan Noyes wanted to enter the annual Gloucester (Massachusetts) Governor's Cup Schooner Races but had no schooner, so he set up a 19' Bank dory with a schooner rig and off he went with friend Joel Peck. He tells us all about this adventure in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My big Seda Tango double sea kayak is off on only its second outing of the year as I write this on September 16, the day before this issue goes to press, and I'm not on-board. Joel, a long time acquaintance who owns a local small craft dealership, called to inquire if his son Chris might borrow the boat for a planned adventure paddling across Massachusetts Bay and its Stellwagen Bank Marine Preserve from Provincetown on outer Cape Cod at the outermost southern extremity of the bay to Gloucester on Cape Ann, the northernmost extremity, a distance of about 40 miles. I was agreeable as Chris is an experienced paddler.

Initially the adventure was to include three double kayaks but one team dropped out as the scheduled date in late September drew nearer. Joel had one Tango in stock and recalled that I have had one for about 15 years. The choice of the Tango was based on this superb kayak's sea keeping capability, it's 21' long, about 30" beam with two widely-spaced individual cockpits. It has a long established reputation for being a fast boat (that 21' length!) as well as a safe one on big water, having won in its earlier days long distance open water races like the 28-mile crossing to California's Catalina Island.

I missed Chris the Sunday he dropped by to pick up the boat but I expect to see him after his adventure and learn more about it. The vision that came to mind of this long distance paddle over open ocean that passes over the shallow Stellwagen Bank with attendant disturbed sea conditions, given certain wind/tide relationships, was not one that made me wish to be going along.

Aside from the inadequacies of my abilities brought on by my advancing years and lack of serious open ocean paddling experience which influenced my view of this adventure, I had only a year ago crossed a part of this area on the Provincetown/Boston fast ferry en route home from my adventure with the crew bringing the colonial era replica vessel *Lewis H. Story* home from the Wooden Boat Show in Newport, Rhode Island, chronicled in the October 15 issue a year ago. At that time I had the opportunity from the comfort and safety of the upper deck of that fast catamaran to view the sort of sea conditions a steady northeast wind blowing right into Massachusetts Bay from the open Atlantic could create and was ever so glad then to not be still on the *Story* on its grueling 15-hour journey from Provincetown to Gloucester.

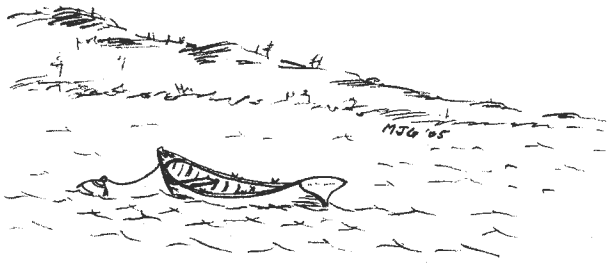
Contemplating doing this in a 21' sea kayak did not arouse any adventuresome urges within me at all. No sir. I admire these young men and envy somewhat their youthful spirit of adventure, but thankfully no longer have a high enough level of testos-

terone to find myself really wanting to do something like this. Even far less challenging outings in the Tango on protected bays and estuaries in my area attract me less and less. Only once, last May, have Charlie and I ventured out in this boat on an outing on Cape Cod's Nauset Bay, which I described in the July 15 issue. My paddling has otherwise been solely in my daughter's 13' Old Town Loon accompanying Charlie in his 10' Heritage kayak exploring inland lakes and streams in eastern Massachusetts.

The urge to undertake challenges in my life has steadily atrophied as the years have added up. In part, this was what occasioned my quitting, cold turkey, motorcycling adventuring in 1983 when in my early 50s (so young now it seems!) and taking up small boating. When I soon got involved in sea kayaking some new adventuring came into my life but it never got to the total commitment level of my earlier years in motorcycle sport. As a result I never developed the requisite skills to really indulge in open water kayaking adventures.

Today I do marvel at a few adventures I did undertake. Outstanding was participating one year in the Gerrish Island Race (for paddle, oar, and wind-powered boats) in nearby Kittery, Maine. Jane and I paddled our then double, a 17' molded fiberglass Folboat, in the 8+/- mile circuit around that island. The initial part of the course wound through sheltered marshes behind the island, but when we came face to face with the open ocean in Brave Boat Harbor and contemplated the outside return trip along the rocky coastline with a big sea running in, breaking on offshore ledges, we hesitated. After some discussion we went for it and all went well, we stayed far enough offshore out beyond the breaking swells on the inshore ledges and paddled through the quite intimidating seas the remaining four or so miles to sheltered waters again at the finish.

Now I do believe that my adventuring days are over. The real adventuring ceased back in 1980 or so in my waning motorcycling days, the second wind of adventuring in sea kayaks has now been over for about ten years. Today I indulge in much more modest adventuring on dry land on my mountain bike on local forest trails and on my off-road motorcycle on remote back country abandoned old dirt roads and trails. In both cases I feel more comfortable on land indulging in what now is really only an illusion of adventure, as being on the water, despite my dedication to chronicling your experiences on it for the past 25 years, just never inspired the confidence that I really knew what I was doing. I started too late in my 50s and now it is too late. And that's okay with me.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Yesterday the Petrel came into the shop, the last of her kind and truly a thing of beauty. Nathaniel Herreshoff knew his stuff, all right. Most boats nowadays favor a balanced rig, main, and headsail about the same size. The Petrel disdains such things as Gennys and spinners. Her voluminous main can catch the merest breeze and turn it to advantage. Coming about proves no problem, if anything you've weather helm to spare.

When the breeze freshens, the boat will let you know what time to reef; when the helm fights back, it's time to take in sail. Then you run close hauled for a bit while you drop the main and twiddle with the pennants. No need to toss about in irons with the mainsail slapping you silly. Of course, you might need to slack your sheet in order to raise the sail once you complete your reefing. Some of these boats have a small bronze winch on top of the deckhouse just for such events.

A Petrel's small jib needs no attention whatever. Club footed with just one sheet and a small traveler she comes about without the slightest fuss and never snags as most loose-footed jibs delight in doing. There's nothing less fun than balancing on a pitching foredeck, fighting with a Genoa whose sheets are fast in the tender clasp of an amorous halyard cleat; or, on *MoonWind*, the corner of my hatch cover. I ought to rebuild that cover so it closes tight to the deck.

Having a high cut jib has some advantages, such as visibility. A window works fine if located in the right spot. I had a window installed in a jib one time and should have told the sail maker exactly where I needed it. Instead, I assumed he must know his business; after all, he sailed. Wrong again Mister Bunthorne. I couldn't see oncoming boats until my rail was under water. My weather rail. The rest of the time, I got to admire the fish. At least his prices were reasonable.

I asked him why he hadn't a boat of his own.

"First of all, I never, ever, lack for invitations, my customers can always use more crew. But mostly I've found it bad for business," he said. "I like to race and sailors are fierce competitors. If my boat won, my customer would think that the sails I made him weren't quite good enough. If my boat lost, they'd question whether I really knew my business."

A choice, it seems, of which foot you'd rather have snarled in the running rigging.

Friday we had snow first thing in the morning, then freezing rain, then overcast and, just after lunch, a raging snow squall accompanied by thunder. In Buzzards Bay, 60 miles to the east, they registered winds of 90 miles per hour. By 2:00 the sun shone brightly, the harbor lay still and reflective. We had a lovely sunset. This is the sort of various day that New Englanders delight to boast about. I'd rather just have the lovely sunset, thank you.

Now the world has cooled off, anticipating winter, and the wind has found the numerous leaks in our decrepit shop. I need to go up on the roof this week with half a sheet of plywood and cover the worst of the holes. Last year a raccoon took up lodgings in the loft and had a litter of cubs there. We have birds by the bushel in between the walls. When customers ask me what keeps our rickety shop together, I answer truthfully, "Guano."

I still have hopes that our indefatigable Pusslet will prove a sailor. I gave her a fathom of 1/4" braid which she drags about the house in her mouth or kicks into elegant snarls. Last week I discovered she'd tied an overpaw knot a foot from one end. Yesterday she completed a figure eight. If I leave my Bluejacket's Manual on the floor, opened to "Seamanship," I expect by summer she'll have mastered the bowline, clove hitch, and Carrick bend. It's good to have somebody handy with knots aboard. I'm thinking for Christmas I ought to buy her a rigging knife, the type with a marlinspike.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events . . .

Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

Georgetown, South Carolina, has been a working seaport for more than 250 years and much of the area's history and culture has been linked to the sea. The Georgetown Wooden Boat Show celebrates the rich maritime heritage of South Carolina's third oldest city and second largest port.

The 18th Annual Wooden Boat Show will be presented on Saturday, October 20, from 11am to 6pm. This year's show will feature one of the Southeast's finest wooden boat exhibits, a wooden boat building competition, children's boat building, maritime arts and crafts, and food. All events will take place on the waterfront in Historic Downtown Georgetown. Money raised through sales and donations will go toward the Georgetown Maritime Museum. Admission is free to the public.

An estimated 100 classic wooden boats will be displayed in the water, along the boardwalk, and on Front Street. Vessels ranging in size from kayaks to large yachts will be exhibited in eight categories: row and paddle, sail, inboard power, outboard power, classic sail (built prior to 1960), classic power (built prior to 1960), owner designed and built, and century class (100 years or older). Visitors will be able to meet and talk to wooden boat craftsmen, manufacturers, and owners. Maritime arts, crafts, models, and demonstrations will also be on display.

The Wooden Boat Challenge boat building competition will begin at noon under the big tent on Broad Street. Two-man teams will race to build a rowing skiff within a four-hour time limit. At 5pm the competitors will test their completed skiffs for seaworthiness in a rowing relay across the Sampit River. The teams will be judged on speed of construction, quality of work, and rowing ability. The three highest scoring teams will be eligible to compete in the 2008 National Boat Building Competition sponsored by *WoodenBoat* Magazine.

Georgetown Wooden Boat Show, PO Box 2228, Georgetown, SC 29422, (877) 285-3888, www.woodenboatshow.com

Free Boat Builder Event

Interested in building a boat? Would you like to see some amateur-built boats up close and in person? Share stories, swap ideas? Then join the Glen-L "Gathering" at Lake Guntersville in Guntersville, Alabama.

This October 26-28, boat builders from the Glen-L online Boatbuilder Forum have organized the first ever Glen-L Gathering of Boatbuilders. Many are bringing their completed or partially completed boats. All are welcome, whether building a Glen-L design, a boat from another designer, or just looking.

The event will be attended by two of Glen-L's owners: Barry Witt, Newsletter Editor, and Gayle Brantuk, Marketing VP. The owners are brother and sister and will be accompanied by their spouses.

"We're just thrilled to meet these folks who are like family to us," comments Gayle. "We've seen pictures of some of their work and can hardly wait to see their beautiful boats!"

There will be classic mahogany runabouts, mini-runabouts, work boats, skiffs,

and who knows what else! One builder will bring the 16' boat he has traveled over 25,000 miles of rivers on... and he built it himself!

The main gathering will be on Saturday, October 27, throughout the day and will be a casual free event. Local lodging is available at www.lakeguntersville.org, <http://www.lakeguntersville.org/>.

Contact Glen-L for more information or visit the website. Phone (562) 630-6258 or www.Glen-L.com, <<http://www.glen-l.com/>>

Adventures & Experiences . . .

At the Wooden Boat Show

I was delighted to see the photos of my 23' Chris Craft in your Wooden Boat Show report in the September 1 issue. I believe I had the only Chris Craft on the grounds that weekend. There was a Hacker and a couple of new boats.

Whenever I had a chance in the past several years I put in my vote for a return of the Show to the Seaport. Figuring I ought to put my money where my mouth was, I paid my money and tied up on the dock. There was no "surge" following the show but I didn't expect one, it was just a show my face thing.

I had volunteered to be a judge and spent Friday shuffling from one end of the Seaport to the other in search of our judged boats. I guess the results were accepted well. The late Joe Myers and I were the two judges back in the Newport Yachting Center days (prior to *WoodenBoat's* involvement). It took us about a day and a half. Aside from the distinct pleasure of spending this time with Joe, we were able to board and crawl about (maybe "Crawling About in Boats is a spin-off candidate for a magazine?") in some fabulous yachts and meet some fascinating people, so I have fond memories of the old pre-magazine days.

This year's show seemed to divide between starter boats for the average person, maybe \$20,000 and under, and spectacular shows of skill and money like *Anna* and *Aphrodite* where the down payment was probably more than a million. That seems appropriate for the times we are living in. Maybe the middle was there and I just didn't have an eye for it.

Boyd Mefferd, Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

About Comets

You should know that the cover photo on the September 1 issue was taken at the No Octane Regatta by Bob Ertl, a boating friend of mine for more than 60 years. As young teenagers (the term didn't exist then) Bob and I would cruise the south shore of Long Island, New York in our Comets (16' sloops), throwing a piece of canvas over the boom and sleeping on board. Both of the boats were double plank bottomed built by the Skaneateles (New York) Boat Co. Bob's boat was the prettiest (every year all hardware came off and was re-chromed!) but mine was the fastest.

At the No Octane Regatta I met Mason Smith, who was restoring a Comet, and two other guys who had Comets. Five Comet guys at this one event! I don't remember when the company went out of business but it was decades ago.

Chuck Raynor, Richmond, VA

Appreciation from Mac

I really enjoyed reading the article Sandy Larence wrote about me in the July 1 issue. He has been coming to my shop every winter for a long time, building canoes for everyone in his family. He has been a good friend.

I have certainly met a lot of nice people when I was teaching at my shop and at the Wooden Boat School. The most important thing I have learned in my life is to just keep my sense of humor and take life as it comes.

Mac McCarthy, Sarasota, FL

Fascinated by Black Skimmers

Three cheers for Dave Carnell. Years ago in *Small Boat Journal* he taught us how to cut stainless steel with a plywood cutting blade in a skilsaw. Then he introduced us to the ultra thin kerf blades of Matsushita (Robb White testified to their value). Through the years he's kept us informed on Simmons Sea Skiffs, Bolger sharpies, and many useful chemical and scientific items of interest to the small boat builder. As Bolger said of Claude Worth, "Seldom outdated, never wrong."

I, too, am fascinated by the black skimmers Dave wrote about on the September 1 issue "You write to us about..." pages. To me they look like WWII fighters in their camouflage paint jobs when they finish a run, climb, wheel, and turn in formation and swoop down for another pass. No airplane can match their skill.

My wife claims I am partially deaf but once in a quiet cove I scrunched down real low in my rowboat just peeking over the wale watching a small squadron of skimmers working. Well, they got close enough that even I heard their bills cutting water. Beautiful!

Ray Schaefer, Brooklyn, NY

Information of Interest . . .

Broads the Quintessential Place for Messing

John Fairfield's "A Week on the Norfolk Broads" in the September 1 issue epitomizes the quintessential place in the world for messing. He got a lot of what there is to be had for his money. However, had he persuaded the owner of Martham Boatyard to rent him one of those "Teasel-like half-deckers" he would have found it a dream to single hand. Summers as a teenager I cruised one for weeks on end with a dog as first mate. That fleet is the oldest and tiredest of a class started in 1908, The Yare and Bure One Design, better known as "white boats." My father had one built in 1967, they have a boom cover and are the perfect Broads camper. Racing fleets are active today.

Fairfield also muses: "strange how these little country churches are well outside the village." The answer is simple. In the Middle Ages, when a village had the black death plague, all the houses were burnt to the ground and rebuilt a few fields away, but they left the stone churches where the old villages used to be.

Michael Moore, Marion MA

The Virginia Project

Out in your neck of the woods an event is taking place that I have seen nothing written about. It is the 400th anniversary of the Popham (Maine) Colony. What the hell is that? Well, I have included a United States stamp celebrating the colony's contribution to the history of the maritime world and

America in particular. These were the first boat builders of this country and Maine was their home. This was a group of settlers who came from England and made a settlement near the present day city of Bath, Maine.

Briefly they starved out as their original plan was to become farmers, but their selection of locale was pretty much against them both in terms of soil and length of season. They came back and became the first English boat builders in the new world.

Now local maritime preservationists are in the process of building a replica of the original ship *Virginia*. How do I know this? Well, we are in the stamp business (wallart-collectibles.com) and we were exhibiting in a show in Moultrie, Georgia, which is inland, and suddenly we were selling sailboat pictures with the boat building stamp on it and this aroused my wife's curiosity. When she asked it turned out that we had stumbled into a nest of Pophams all living in the area. We had used this stamp in our business for many years and had never noticed the reference to the Popham Colony until they pointed it out to us.

For any who might be interested in more detailed information on this bit of history, the Popham Colony has a web site complete with maps of the area and drawings of the proposed replica ship.

Bob Archibald, Steinhatchee, FL

Editor Comments: We have published news of the *Virginia* Project a number of times until their newsletter ceased to arrive a couple of years ago.



Coroplast

Coroplast, everyone knows what this is but you might not know it by this name. This is the corrugated plastic used for real estate, political campaigns, or any other inexpensive outdoor signs. My neighbor, a realtor who would rather give me stuff than throw it out, recently, gave me 25 real estate signs with advertising on one side. (I guess she changed offices or phone numbers or something.) I graciously accepted, not having any idea what I would do with them.

While working on a boat I had to make some additional frames. To do this I had to make some patterns to fit the hull shape. Card-board cuts easily but also bends. Cheap lauan plywood can be used but is slow to fit. Ahhh! Let's try the Coroplast. You can mark this stuff with a felt tip pen, cut it with an Xacto knife or a box cutter knife. It works great and I thought I would pass this along if other folks might need to make a pattern some day.

I gave my friend who builds boats half of my signs and told him if he needed more that he could call some real estate offices and maybe they have some old ones lying around. He said he'd just stop along the road when he sees a house for sale. I don't advocate that, besides a sign maker friend told me the real estate size pieces cost only \$.90 each!

Henry Champagney, Greenback, TN

2008 Calendar of Wooden Boats

The 2008 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats is now available for distribution and sale. The calendar has been published annually since 1983 by marine photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz.

Each month's image is a master study in light, contrast, mood, and attention to detail, the hallmarks of a Mendlowitz photograph. Insightful and entertaining captions are provided by marine historian Maynard Bray.

The 2008 cover features a Concordia yawl with a dramatic backdrop of dark sky and water. Within, smaller craft include the silhouette of a dory being rowed at sunset, a sailing skiff under construction, and a colorful fleet of St Tropez fishing boats. On a larger scale are a 35' Herreshoff motor launch, a Maine-built lobster yacht, a pinky schooner, and *Siren*, a New York 32, with its bright red spinnaker raised and straining in the wind. There are traditional schooners, including the Maine Windjammer fleet at anchor under a golden sunset glow, the 45' *Heron* designed by B.B. Crowninshield, and *So Fong*, designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built in Hong Kong in 1937. In the big boat category are two 23-meter sloops racing in the Mediterranean.

The Calendar of Wooden Boats is available at bookstores, marine stores, or directly from NOAH Publications for \$15.95 plus s&h.

Noah Publications, PO Box 14, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-2131, www.noah-publications.com

About That Curved Mast

In the article on the Wooden Boat Show in the September 1 issue was a photo of a boat with a curved mast. The hull of this boat was an Iain Oughtred-designed Caledonia Yawl! The hull was built to a strictly workboat functional tool to catch fish standard. For part of the time there was another Caledonia tied directly behind it which was "finestkind" fun to compare the two. As rough and ready as the boat was, the mast was a laminated varnished piece of art. The owner and I discussed curved masts (S Boats and so on). His mast was the curviest I've ever seen short of a windsurfer in a high wind.

So I asked him how come he made it so extreme. He said he and a buddy used the boat to fish from. For some reason they took the mast down when fishing. His friend complained about the then straight mast getting in the way so he built a mast to follow the curve of the inside of the hull! I am reminded of some fellows from the State of Maine who have been known to "embellish" a story from time to time.

While we're on the subject of curved spars, I am about to delve into some of the books of Manfred Curry, a German born in 1899. It's been over 50 years since I saw a copy of a book by him. It dealt with, among other things, his study of the curvature of birds' wings and how this applied to the aerodynamics of a sail. This guy was an inven-

tor who participated in 1,500 boat races and won 1,000 of them. Lots of his books are on Amazaon.com and more info on "Wikipedia." You might want to run a series of articles on the man and his ideas.

Chuck Raynor, Richmond, VA

Editor Comments: See "Evolution of a Bird Wing Mast" in this issue.

Information Wanted . . .

West Wight Potter Info

Does anyone know of any names of, and contact information for, West Wight Potter organizations, associations, or clubs, either online or offline? Thanks.

David Soltesz, 113 E Franklin Ave, Edgewater Park, NJ 08010, (609) 351-2312, soulinvictus@comcast.net

This Magazine...

So Much to Learn About

I really enjoy *MAIB*. There is so much good writing about the history, building, and using of boats that I seem to learn something new with each issue. In the June 15 issue, for example, I read about the Everglade Challenge, something I hadn't heard of before. Gary Blankenship's reporting was crisp and honest and downright exciting. Makes me want to sign up for the event. Then there was the "Cedar Key 2007" report in the July 15 issue which was new for me also. Sounds like a wonderful event. So many events, so well described. Billy O'Brien's "The Perfect Boat" appealed to me since I sailed and paddled a Folbot for many years and learning about the mysteries and intricacies of using an ironing board in the shop was just beyond all expectations.

The "Commentary" and regular columns such as "The Constant Waterman," "Beyond The Horizon," and "From the Lee Rail" round off each issue for me.

In my opinion all of the above are just a few examples of what makes *MAIB* so different and appealing.

Joe Bohnaker, El Paso, TX

Enjoyed the "Hunter Fleet"

Once again I experienced thorough enjoyment of your fine publication with the August 15 issue. The article by Kim Apel on the Hunter Fleet transported me from New England to Jolly Old England. The writing was quite descriptive and the photos rounded things out nicely.

I was interested to see the photo of the "intrepid crew" wearing PFDs even on the quiet backwaters of the Norfolk Broads. Also, the footwear on the woman holding the line to the main was noteworthy, a far cry from the trusty "Topsider" I dare say.

Patrick Mehr, Charlotte, ME

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The GLWSS and the All Wooden Boat Festival - 2007

By Greg Grundtisch



Lyman sailboats ca 1945.

The 2007 All Wooden Boat Festival took place on August 17 and 18 in the Huron Boat Basin, Huron, Ohio. It was sponsored and organized by the Lyman Owners Association. This year the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society was invited to be part of this very enjoyable event. We have, in the past, had our own little gathering but declining membership and less and less interest in owning and restoring wooden sailboats in the lower Great Lakes have reduced our number of attendees. We hope this new venue will help stabilize our numbers and bring back some that have drifted off temporarily.

This family friendly festival has a little of everything. The Lyman Association organized a "meet and greet" Friday with snacks and beverages; there were several lectures and demonstrations, afternoon picnics among many groups, and a steak dinner on Saturday. There were boat rides, things for the kids to do, and all kinds of food and beverages. There was even a hot dog vendor in the parking lot who had some really good chili dogs. A sailor needs to eat properly!

The Lyman folks made us feel right at home and were most kind and helpful. They did a lot of work putting this event on and did an outstanding job.

The boats that attended from the GLWSS were:

Herreshoff 28 ketch, *Laurie Ann*, owned by Bill Burrows.

26' gaff sloop, *Starlight*, built by Norm Philphot in 1920, owned and rebuilt by Bob Diak. Oldest in the fleet.

Yankee One Design, *Dawn*, 30', built in Quincy Boatyard, Quincy, Massachusetts, owned by Charlie Stiegerwald.

Concordia 31, *Tina*, recently acquired and rebuilt by Charlie Stiegerwald.

25' Skipjack, *Linda Jean*, owned and built by Rev Lynn and Linda Miller.

And last but not least, *A Little Dingy*, a dinghy that does it all. It sails with a sloop rig

with a bowsprit and fixed keel, motors with electric or gas, and rows. It is designed to fit around the mast on the deck to continue the shape of the cabin profile.

I'm not familiar with Lymans or motorboats in general but you can see the same care and craftsmanship in these boats as in the sailboats. There were several exceptional boats, some unique and rare ones, too, and several large cruisers.

One exceptional one was Bill Moon's *Hoptoad*, a 1949 Lyman Islander. He told me that he stopped entering some judged shows because he won too much. He didn't think it was fair to win that much and wanted let some others win. It is a beautifully restored boat that he put a lot of time into. And he uses it. It's not just a pretty "show boat" that gets dragged around the circuit and never run. Bill is not just a woodworker and boat restorer, he is a true craftsman. The work he does is exceptional. And one will not find a nicer man who is willing to share his knowledge and talent with others.

On land there were a dozen or so boats, two of which were Lyman sailboats. A lot of folks don't know that Lyman built sailboats in the '40s. They didn't make many and the ones that exist are rare. There was also a triple cockpit Chris Craft land display and several Lymans. In the basin there were Lymans all over of all sizes and designs. There was one big Egg Harbor cruiser that had on board Buddy the Wonder Dog, a Golden Lab poodle mix. Everyone wanted to see Buddy, not the boat. The dog had the most amazingly friendly personality.

There was live music during the event and the show was open to the public. This brought in a lot of people who found our little fleet fascinating. Our members are always glad to visit with people and answer questions and give little tours of the boats. The lovely and talented Naomi and I were invited to sail on the Miller's skipjack *Linda Jean* Saturday evening after dinner. It was a very enjoyable sail with Rev Miller at the helm and the dinghy folks, a man who owns a Chris Craft Constellation with a pretty lapstrake tender. He had along his three kids and their friend.

I mistakenly said in jest that I was from New York and know everything. Immediately those kids put me to the test. I survived the onslaught of complex and technical questions, dodging bullet after bullet. Brats, I tell ye! So I tossed one overboard as an example to the others. Just kidding! They were really good kids and we had a good time with them. Sadly our sail had to be cut short as it began to rain, but it was fun while it lasted.

The rain stopped as we got back into the basin so the evening partying began with live music, singing, and dancing. The music was very good, not too overwhelmingly loud, and the partying was in moderation for most. We had to leave before the party ended as Naomi needs her beauty sleep and we had to depart early in the morning.

Overall it was a very pleasant and enjoyable event. Lots to do for all. The Lyman volunteers, the basin workers, and the dock attendants who worked so long and hard did a fantastic job. We hope they will have us back again next year. Many thanks to the Lyman Association for having us. Well done!

For info on the Festival or the Lyman Association, lboa.net, or google Lyman owners.

To join the GLWSS (it's free), google glwss, or contact me at grundy@fantasiadesign.com. Happy sails!



Shoreside displays.



Classic Lymans.



Dinghy people.



Bill Moon's Lyman Islander *Hoptoad*.



A *Little Dinky sandwich*, Eric Abramovitch's multi-tasking craft flanked by the Yankee One Design *Dawn* (left) and the 1920 gaff rigged sloop *Starlite* (right).



Some plastic snuck into the show.



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Oh, for the life of a voyageur made much easier with a tailwind. Powerful waves propel the canoe forward with each rising crest.

Serendipity inevitably is a hallmark of canoeing trips which can run the gamut of experiences from relaxation and solitude to heavy exercise, fear, and even danger. In late October 2006, however, my longtime guide, Rob Scribner, and I realized how quickly serendipity can transform a seemingly uncomplicated expedition into something quite different.

Our destination was the flatwater Scraggly-Junior-West Grand chain of lakes in Washington County, Maine, way down east as they say. Toward the end of our four-day (three-night) trip we encountered an invisible giant with enormous, bellows-like lungs who threatened to blow us away. Completely unpredicted in any weather forecast, this freak gale changed everything. I did not undertake this trip with a craving for derring-do, nor did Rob. The evil giant, nevertheless, awaited us to wreak havoc on our expedition.

Jimmy, our van shuttle driver, dropped us off at Pleasant Lake, its mica-sheet surface utterly calm all the way to the distant shore. The fall foliage was long past peak so the summer folk and sportsmen had long gone, leaving the place to us. Our plan was to paddle around Pleasant Lake with a short portage to pick an outlet stream to Scraggly Lake, then on to Junior Lake, and finally West Grand Lake with takeout at the dam in the hamlet of Grand Lake Stream. Much of this itinerary, waters, channels, and campsites, was new to me. Rob, on the other hand, has known these lakes since childhood fishing, ice fishing, and snowmobiling with his father. His grandfather, in fact, still lives nearby and assorted relatives own camps on remote shores.

The Big Blow Windbound on Maine's West Grand Lake

By Richard E. Winslow III
(For Rob Scribner, valued friend,
superb naturalist, and outstanding guide)



The lake not taken: Rob surveys the peaceful scene at Pleasant Lake.

After a brief Pleasant Lake shore walk, Jimmy drove us about half a mile for a reconnaissance of the crucial Pleasant-Scraggly connector. What we saw was a jumble of exposed boulders, slippery mud banks, and a few elongated puddles masquerading on the map as a canoeable stream. In the distance, toward Scraggly, we could see more of the same with logs sticking up from the muck at grotesque angles. The situation looked grim.

"I was in this area a few weeks ago," Rob finally said, "and the water level has

gone down two or three feet. If we were to attempt it we would be struggling through this morass for three hours, taxing ourselves to the limit. It isn't worth it." Resigned, I shook my head in agreement. "It's hard to believe," Rob continued, "that the low water level before us is directly controlled by the runoff of the two dams 40 miles south of here."

So onward we drove. A mile or so down a dirt road brought us to Scraggly Lake's Hasty Cove, a designated put-in launch site with a graded access to the water. Jimmy and Rob

Canoe ahoy! The loaded Kodiak is ready for launching.



unloaded an Old Town canoe, a 20-footer with shiny, forest green veneer.

"This is a special occasion, Dick," Rob said. "Last year I had a new paddle for you. This year I have a new canoe which I picked up at the Old Town Canoe distribution center in Bangor." I couldn't resist asking, "And maybe next year you'll have a new lodge as a base camp?"

"I've named the canoe *Kodiak*," he said, "a nickname bestowed on me by a Native American friend. *Kodiak* will track well in rough water. We can't avoid scratches and scrapes on the hull bottom though, that will happen soon enough." Rob then drilled a hole in the bow and one in the stern to insert the painters. Without wasting valuable wine or beer for a christening ceremony we loaded and launched *Kodiak*. As we backpaddled out, the bottom immediately nudged over a villainous hidden boulder in the submerged rockpile, *Kodiak* receiving its baptismal scratch.

From late morning and into the next day we explored Scraggly and Junior Lakes, past islands and into passageways, under an overcast sky with Indian summer temperatures and calm waters. The gray sky, water, boulders, and distant hills all blended into a gauzy haze. Only the green pines, the yellow pine-needle campsites, and the black heads of the loons interrupted the pattern of sameness. We were utterly relaxed as our canoe carried us on a floating spiritual retreat.

Deviating from the traditional trip route we stopped late in the afternoon on the first day to survey a high knoll. It appeared to be a long-abandoned site, probably established by fishermen for cutting up their catch. We found their big-stick table lashed together with rope. Rob said, "This place has a good chance to be our camp," using the phrase "good chance" that an English guest Rob once guided always used as the sun hovered low in the western sky. Thus Good Chance Camp, miles from nowhere, became our peaceful home for the night.

Our paddle continued the next day in this muted, surrealistic world, one that Rob described as having "a silence that hurts your ears." Even the loons on their food gathering mission swam and dove in silence, no laughter, no cries, no nervous flapping of wings. There was nothing to agitate them or excite them, they totally ignored us.



A solitary loon shares the lake with intrusive humans in the off-season.

Cloud layers diffused to lighten up a low mountain outline, broke up for a few minutes of pearly clearness, and then reformed. Close to shore we paddled by a huge glacial erratic (boulder) split in half by ice expansion. A few minutes later we spotted a tree growing from the top of a huge boulder isle. There were thousands of such rock guardians off-shore, almost as if a mischievous giant had dumped them there, strung out for miles. We

quietly paddled along, transfixed with the eerie beauty. A bright sunny day, with everything etched sharply and clearly, would have ruined this enchanted misty world.

Every now and then, we noticed a distant camp and occasionally we stopped to stretch and look around. Red Fox Lodge was for sale, as indicated by a large sign on the boarded-up dining room wall. Who knows, maybe in time it will just disintegrate and be reclaimed by the forest. Periodically Rob and I wondered, with roughly the same words, "What kind of mentality and values would it take for someone to build a camp on a previously pristine lake?"



An example for us all. Having overcome adversity, a lone tree stands atop a massive boulder.

Toward late afternoon we paddled into the narrow channel of Junior Stream which, in turn, would fan out into sprawling West Grand Lake, Maine's second largest lake after Moosehead. Rob opted to pull over short of the officially designated Junior Stream Campsite on a pinched slot a short distance ahead, a place where we had camped the previous autumn. At our "robber" camp Rob felt we would be able to avoid a northerly wind known to blast up the channel, any strong wind would be partially blown out by the time it reached us in a much wider, more open space. We both pitched our tents on the beach. After a steak supper, we turned in early.

As we had known well ahead of time the weather forecast had predicted a night of rain followed by a sunny day. At 3am I took a brief stroll along the beach. Brilliant, piercing stars shone through holes of southward moving charcoal clouds, a complete directional shift in the winds from a few hours earlier. The stars gave me hope that the predicted storm would prove to be a hoax so that we would awaken to the prospects of a routine paddling day.

My fantasy was over soon after I returned to my tent when a hard driven rain struck and then stopped. I slept. A fierce wind then picked up, awakening me. The sun was out. The blow increased and then raged as if the resident mythical giant, who almost certainly lived among these lakes and hills, was angrily huffing and puffing to blow the tent down. He would momentarily catch his breath and then resume with a rattling gust. I lay there, my weight holding down the tent, as one by one the metal pegs staked in the sand outside were yanked and finally pulled loose.

Initially I was too bewildered to do anything, hoping the savage wind would trail

off. The giant only increased his efforts to blow even harder. Each gust rocked the tent forward, then the tent would jerk backward with a jolt. After 15 minutes of inaction I decided to get dressed. Then I crawled outside and grabbed some rocks and loose branches to weigh down the flapping tent. Since my makeshift repairs appeared to be holding, at least for the moment, I hiked up the beach, watching runaway waves rolling down the stream. Rob was more fortunate, his tent was intact. When I yelled to him, trying to make my voice heard over the rattling wind, Rob poked his head out, "Dick we've got to get out of this wind. Let's pack up and move out."

As I tried to pack my things inside my tent, Rob appeared. "Let's collapse your tent, and it will serve as a bag to contain your stuff." I scampered out and struck the tent, which now became nothing more than a large gunnysack for my possessions.

Once we had loaded the canoe and tied everything down, we backed out and twisted to turn into the stream, now transformed by the wind into a raging current. With the incredible tailwind we shot by the official campsite and into Junior Bay, one of the many arms, a lake in itself, of West Grand Lake. After turning a tight corner around a long point to gain the leeward side, we reached a crude landing site where we crouched below a gravel esker ridge, shielded from much of the wind.

Rob built a fire for hot tea and coffee and I wolfed down a piece of cold steak. Rob's favorite snack food, which he prepared expertly, was a layer of peanut butter between two cookies, along with doughnuts. Anything for quick energy. We both felt immensely better.

"Climb up on the esker and walk through the pines," Rob advised. "You'll be out of the wind to follow the ridge trail through the woods." I charged up the hill to a level bench, the top of a gravel and rock moraine left by the melting glacier thousands of years ago. There I spotted a fire circle of rocks amid the tall pines with a path leading away from it. The rarely hiked trail had magnificent vistas. "Here I am in the cathedral pines," I thought to myself. "How peaceful. How restful. What a retreat!" Rob soon joined me for a relaxing walk before we headed back to the canoe.



A walk through cathedral pines offers a brief spiritual rest before battling the waves.

Unfortunately the walk provided only a momentary respite, there was no way we could linger longer in this isolated, roadless place. To reach our takeout and our return to civilization we still had to paddle some miles southward. We aimed the canoe down the lake, the tailwind propelling us like a rocket. West Grand Lake could easily have been renamed Whitecap Lake that day with roll after roll of lacy whitewater there one moment and gone the next. It was a beautiful but dangerous ride.

As we approached the Narrows, an aptly named connector to the main body of West Grand, Rob shouted over the wind, "There is a seven-mile build-up of fetch here and beyond the Narrows." Fetch was a new word for me, so Rob explained. "The term refers to the distance the wind travels over open water to create the speed at the end. The fetch here results from the cumulative power of seven miles of wind push."

We swung hard left into the Narrows and hugged the shore of the half-mile passageway to the gigantic main body of West Grand Lake. Rob decided to stop on the north (closest) side to make a meticulous reconnaissance. There was no obvious landing spot, just a zigzag and a hope for the best scrape between high boulders, then a jump to shore. Having accomplished that, we walked through some woods toward a rockpile bulge to get the best viewpoint. En route we encountered a telltale fire ring and a rusting beer can, evidence that someone probably had camped here long ago. We also spotted fresh moose droppings which inspired Rob to announce, "Moose poop is a sign of good luck." Under my breath I muttered, "I certainly hope so."

We leaped from one boulder to another to reach the farthest out spot for reconnoitering the wild scene across and ahead of us. First Rob and then I trained the binoculars on the Narrows crossing as well as on the West Grand entrance and beyond. We needed to determine our easiest, safest, and most sensible way back to civilization. To avoid being stranded where we were we first had to cross the Narrows. Once on the other side we could hug the shoreline and round a thumb of land to take a route south toward Steamboat Cove. There we would carefully weigh our options, either continue on the planned route or fall back on an escape route through less treacherous water down Farm Cove to the dam and an access road to civilization.



The Narrows reconnaissance. Rob scans the horizon with his binoculars to determine the feasibility of paddling across the width of choppy West Grand Lake.

"We'll ferry across," Rod said quietly. I was ready for the 1/8-mile crossing. In my own small way, far down the scale of historical importance, I felt akin to Hernan Cortes abandoning his ships in the bay at Vera Cruz, Mexico, in 1519 to begin his overland invasion of the Aztec Empire. With that decision Cortes committed himself and his men to move forward with no chance to turn back. Likewise, Rob and I could not turn back. I was seized with the familiar combination of exhilaration and fear that arises in such situations. Here, however, the prospective scenario changed the usual half and half equation to one-fourth exhilaration and three-fourths fear. If I had been an Olympic canoeing gold medalist with Herculean strength or a longtime Maine guide with 30 years' experience

in these waters, I suppose I would have felt differently. At this point, my main goal was to survive.

We pushed off and swung around to head across. The constant blowing, perpendicular to our direction, churned up 4-5' light green waves, cresting white on a continuous sweep. The ridge of the watery mountain collapsed as if struck by an earthquake, creating a deep trough. The rhythm of crest, trough, crest, trough was unrelenting as was the incessant fury of the wind. Rob was definitely in charge. "Drop and kneel," he ordered. When I obeyed the canoe immediately gained more stability and I felt safer. When the troughs widened they swept the canoe upward on a slight roll as the water again began to climb another crest. "Draw, draw," Rob yelled over the wind. This quick adjustment arrested the upward roll and brought the canoe hull back to the bottom of the trough, shifting the weight down off its incline. *Kodiak* was tracking beautifully, a lighter, shorter canoe would have thrashed about without much grip on the water.

Breathe, reach, paddle, dig, draw, glide, look ahead, the complete cycle took perhaps five seconds. My heartbeat accelerated, boom, boom, boom. Finally we approached the far shore of the Narrows. Waves crashed against a shoreline boulder train, sending up spray, as if the demented giant with his invisible hand were wafting the water against the rocks for his idle amusement, rather like splashing while bathing.

We swung left to follow the shoreline and pick up the forward momentum of the waves. At last we were traveling with the wind. I felt as if I were in the cockpit of a plane with each wave lifting the canoe for a view ahead, then collapsing with a ride down the slope. After two or three fruitless stabs of my paddle blade into thin air on the downward slope, I managed to time my stroke to dig into the top of the crest. Rob said, "Dick, you can get up on your seat now if you want." So I rose and flopped back, my chair now affording an even more spectacular view of the roller coaster ride ahead.

After swinging around the southernmost bulge of the Narrows we hugged the shore to seek a leeward haven at Steamboat Cove. Once we reached relatively calm water, we wedged and bumped in and around the usual boulder train barrier to land, there were no real openings so anything was acceptable. The low water level created a grassy mudflat with uneven rocks but we managed to pick our way through to high ground and into a pine forest. There we ate lunch.

Hull-bottom scratches and gouges guaranteed. A boulder maze taxes a canoeist's muscles, mind, and patience in landing and then extricating the boat to and from such a bony mess.



The vista across to the heart of West Grand Lake would have provided endless inspiration for many an artist or photographer. For Rob and me, however, it was a daunting view of "Big Blow Lake," my new name for West Grand, ridge after ridge of shimmering whitecaps. Far across, at a point of land, waves hit offshore boulders, sending up geyserlike plumes. And still the wind kept gusting, the snorting giant evidently was still in a decidedly bad mood. Without letup the wind blew all afternoon, throughout the night, and into the next morning.

To his great credit, and earning my esteem, Rob hiked out to the entrance of the cove three or four times during the afternoon to check on conditions with his binoculars. He very much wanted to preserve the integrity of the planned route and complete the trip. With reduced wind we might have been able to dash across to Birch Island in the late afternoon. Each time he returned, however, I could tell by his silence and his expression that we were not likely to be going anywhere. Our Steamboat Cove lunch and rest stop was rapidly disintegrating into the Steamboat Cove Winded-in Campsite.

Rob built a fire to keep us warm and we both snacked on cookies and drank water to keep up our energy. Following his advice, I blew up my air mattress and crawled into my sleeping bag back in the woods, thus managing to keep warm without having to combat the fire's smoke. I dozed off a couple of times, but in my half-awake moments I reflected that I'd read that winds supposedly die down toward sunset and gradually fade out during the night. The wilderness guidebooks, with such pompous, pseudoscientific meteorological pronouncements, surely needed drastic revisions. The winds haughtily ignored the time now dishonored wisdom.

As dusk approached Rob came by. "Dick, I have good news and bad news. The bad news is that the winds are still blowing. The good news is I called my father on my cell phone and told him we switched our route to take out at the dam at the end of Farm Cove. Jimmy will meet us there tomorrow morning."

I smiled. The tension was over. My body and mind went limp. I wasn't one bit disappointed, in fact, I was relieved and satisfied. I related an old mountaineering adage to Rob, tacking on an impromptu canoeing variation, "If the weather is terrible, head down and abandon the climb. Wait for better conditions. The mountain will still be there when you return. Next fall, we can hope that Big Blow Lake will be calm for our annual paddle."

After pitching my tent, I joined Rob for supper in the darkness. We enjoyed split-pea soup, piping hot as I liked it. Rob and I could have been dining in the most elegant, posh restaurant in the state of Maine but I could not have been happier and more relaxed than I was right here. We looked forward to a good night's sleep and presumably a relatively safe paddle in the morning to the takeout.

Throughout that afternoon and at dinner, with the expedition at a standstill, we talked about everything, especially next year. We both loved these canoeing trips. This year's was relatively late in the season, with early darkness and unpredictable weather conditions. Our conversation turned to the human concerns related to these trips and, indeed, to all such expeditions. "I hope I can spend more time with my family," Rob said. "My two daughters are growing up. One is three

years old and the other is nine months. I want to know what their favorite colors and foods are. But the nature of the guiding business, in my case from April to late October, means long periods away from home, even weeks at a time without a day off. I accept that, it comes with the territory."

The press of time for canoeing trip guests in modern America is likewise reflected in their tight schedules. The accelerated pace of the 21st century has robbed them of extended leisure. "The one day trip is replacing the five day trip," said Rob. Other guides have told me that nowadays people can't seem to get away anymore and it has become increasingly difficult to round up a party for a commercially feasible excursion.

"We are both robbing Peter to pay Paul," I said. "I have to drop everything in order to squeeze in these trips. More sensibly, I should be checking on my infirm mother and doing my historical book writing which is behind schedule. Being here for me is pure luxury, an extravagance. Is it worth it? I don't know." I also thought silently about the dangers of risking one's life as we had just done. Perhaps it was worth it. I suppose everyone needs relaxation away from the workplace or from a retirement routine, but I couldn't even provide a lame answer to my own question. The wind blew our thoughts away as we headed for our tents. I dozed off quickly.

The next morning, in bright sunlight, we ate a leisurely breakfast while the wind still howled without let-up. The waves, the whitecaps, and the plumes were still there. "We made the right call," Rob said, quoting the standard remark of football announcers in reporting the outcome of a disputed play. "Yesterday's decision to pull off the lake was, no question, the right call."

Once underway we headed down the bay toward Farm Cove Dam, a fun paddle that made use of the powerful tailwind to

speed the journey. The canoe hull spanked the wave crests and the forward momentum was so great that we could have simply sat back in our seats admiring the view without a single paddle stroke. The wind was generating enough power to propel us to the dam.

I glanced frequently to the east to view Birch Island and "the Gut," the channel that separated the island from the mainland. At the far end was Pulpit Rock, an offshore arrowhead shaft guarding Pulpit Point. That view looked at the route we had originally planned to take, now intriguingly left for next autumn's expedition.

We cruised by Jumbo Landing and Indian Landing, marked by coves with marshy delta flatlands and watered by streams flowing down from the highlands. Soon camps on beaches and points of land heralded the approach of civilization. Every one of them had been buttoned up for the winter, dock platforms piled on high ground, window shades down, and doors boarded up. Their long gone owners were missing a most beautiful fall day.

Almost before we knew it we were approaching the earthen dam at the end of the cove. At the top of the sloped boat access road were Jimmy, his dog, and his van. Rob and I had depended on Jimmy to arrive at this precise place, the end of a maze of logging and camp roads, otherwise we would have had a long walk to Grand Lake Stream Village. When we landed, Jimmy said, "The winds were terrible. I thought the gusts were going to blow my house down!" (He lives in Meddybemps, about 30 miles south of our landing site). We learned that Rob and I were not the only ones enduring the windstorm, which had been felt all over Maine and New Hampshire. "Rob, your wife was worried about you two," Jimmy added.

After the canoe had been racked and the equipment placed in the van, we relaxed for a few minutes watching the trout and the land-



A friend indeed. Jimmy arrives at our takeout at Farm Cove Dam, thus saving us a long walk to Grand Lake Stream Village.

locked salmon as they lay motionless and half-hidden in the thick weeds of a pool at the base of the dam's fish ladder.

I will never forget this trip and I can only hope that by next fall this magnificent watery paradise that became Big Blow Lake will revert once again to being a becalmed West Grand Lake. As for our chances of returning to this area, somehow Rob and I will just have to pay both Peter and Paul and seize the time to complete our exploration.

Practical Information for the West Grand Lake Area

An experienced canoeist with adequate maps, guidebook, and common sense should be able to safely lead a West Grand Lake trip. For those who prefer a guided trip, here is Rob's information:

Rob Scribner, Sunrise Canoe and Kayak, Hoytstown Rd, RR 1, Box 344A, Machias, ME 04654, Tel (207) 255-3375 (weekdays), Toll-free (877) 980-2300 (weekdays), Fax (207) 255-3183, www.sunrisecanoeandkayak.com

Home and hot showers ahead. At our Farm Cove Dam takeout, the loaded van is ready to follow the bumpy, winding dirt road to Grand Lake Stream Village and beyond.



I'd seen it there before, lying under the pines in a shady corner of the yard. Peeling paint, gaping garboards, a sorry sight so far from the sea. It was the history that first captured my imagination, 19'4" at the rail, 15' on the bottom, straight out of Gardner's pages. It was a big Lowell-built two-man Banks dory. What's more, at the time I was part of a two-man crew building dories for Lowell's, the very shop where this boat was built. The dory was in tough shape. Ten years after its construction it was little more than a pile of peeling paint and tired planks... just the sort of boat to inspire an adventure!

I began dreaming and drawing almost immediately. My wife Lauren wanted a small boat to camp cruise in but finances were tight on a dory builder's salary. I also knew that Ray Pike, the harbor master in Salisbury, was looking for a few good boats to use with his youth sailing program. Maybe a design could fulfill both these needs and satisfy my long time desire to skipper a schooner in the famous Governor's Cup Schooner Races held over Labor Day weekend in Gloucester, Massachusetts!

The dory was owned by the Rings Island Rowing Club (RIRC), an organization in Salisbury, Massachusetts, dedicated to introducing youth and adults to the use of traditional small craft, especially Banks dories. One hundred years ago these dories were carried on the decks of the famous Gloucester fishing schooners. These schooners were amazing craft, some over 120' in length. They braved storms, fog, calms, and fast-moving ocean liners without motors, radar, not even radios. Banks dories, with their seats removed, were stacked one inside the next, on the schooner's deck. When far out to sea on the Grand Banks or other fishing grounds, the dories were lifted over the side and men set out in these tiny boats to catch cod, halibut, hake, haddock, and other denizens of the deep.

If the rowing club did not have a fishing schooner to enter in the Gloucester races, what better boat than a Banks dory rigged as a schooner? This would be a wonderful opportunity to demonstrate the sea-keeping abilities of a Banks dory and the versatility of the schooner rig. As an officer in the RIRC I felt encouraged to take on the project of readying this old boat for sea. The challenge was to make the dory float, design and build two sets of mast steps, partners, a bulkhead, a rudder, hardware, masts and spars, and sails, all in my spare time and for under \$100. We would then sail the boat from Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the north bank of the Merrimac River, south to Gloucester, and compete for the Governor's Cup!

I knew that if the dory was to sail in the Governor's Cup Schooner Races I'd need some help getting her seaworthy. The first job was to get the dory's hull ready for the open ocean. Cracked garboard planks, caulking, and stemming the onslaught of rot were first on the "to do" list. Some of the gaps between planks were 5' long and large enough to fit a finger in, but plenty of cotton and caulk would make the dory tight as she swelled in the salt water. I scrounged and scraped together materials on a short budget. The dory would have to be made seaworthy, painted, masts, spars, sails, and rudder built. What could have been a job that ran into the thousands of dollars I hoped to do for fewer than \$100!

The dory was at the Twomblys' family home and they gave me free use of their tools and time, feeding me supper when I was

The Little Schooner That Could

By Daniel Noyes

working late into the evening. Friend and fellow adventurer Joel Peck helped out with the dirty work, reefing the seams and filling them with new caulking. We worked in the sweltering July sun. After the caulking there was painting, first a good soaking of cuprous-oxide to kill the mold or rot, then a fresh coat of primer and white topsides. Lauren, with the help of five-year-old Ethan Twombly, gave the rails and hardware a good coat of black working trim paint. Thanks to a team effort this Banks dory was beginning to look like the no-nonsense working craft it was.

As work progressed on the hull I spent evenings sketching sail plans. The rig would be entirely my own design. I grew up on the river and my first boat was a sailing dory. Six years at Pert Lowell & Company, builders of the famous Town Class sailing dory, gave me a solid understanding of how to make a dory perform at her best under a cloud of sail. Now the challenge was to take a tired old hull with no keel or centerboard and design a rig to be handled by two men at sea. I decided to stick with the tried and true, a spritsail schooner rig.

The sail rig would have to be low, with all the spars able to stow under the thwarts for rowing the boat. The schooner rig would be ideal, spreading a large amount of sail with minimum heeling effect, and it would give us the ability to shorten sail in a blow. I settled on a 13½' mainmast with a sprit sail and boom a 12½' foremast with a loose footed sprit sail that overlapped the main by 3' or so. I built the masts of 4"x4" pine, roughing them out with my drawknife and tapering them to 1½" at the top. I cut the sails from a huge worn-out jib donated to the cause by Ray Pike from his 60' ketch *Misty Isles*.

To raise the sails the sprit pole is used to push the sail up the mast. The uphaul runs through a dumb sheave at the masthead and simply serves to secure the sail once it is up the mast. The sprits are tensioned by looping their snotter lines over thumb cleats on the mast. The sprits for fore and main are on opposite sides of the sails giving the craft a balanced look. For the races we would carry a short bowsprit and a jib to be set flying. A bobstay led from the end of the sprit to a towing eye in the dories cut water at about water level. The bobstay would counteract the upward pull of the jib. The bowsprit would be used for the trip to Gloucester and the races but would not be for general RIRC use.

My biggest design concern was our little schooner's lateral resistance, she had no centerboard, no keel, no leeboards, not even a skeg. To reduce sideslip I specified 20 4½-gal plastic jugs to be filled with sea water and carried on the bottom and amidships. The weight would be enough to set our dory almost two planks down in the water (she is a four plank boat) and steady her considerably. I also designed her rudder to be large and carry as much weather helm pressure as possible. The rudder would be hung on hardware I bent up from some galvanized bar stock. Two straps bent 180° around a pipe and set 1" off the front edge of the rudder received a galvanized rod which also passed through two galvanized eyebolts, one at the top of the transom and one at the waterline. This

configuration was bomb proof and held the rudder firmly in place. To ease the job of the helmsman I designed and built an oak tiller over 7' long.

The most important consideration in my design choices was simple strength. Everything must be designed for simple, sturdy construction and failure-free operation. Nothing could be weak, complicated, or jury-rigged, one failure could derail our bid for the Governor's Cup and possibly put craft and crew in danger. We worked in our spare time with the help of friends to build the many parts and pieces that would ready our schooner for sea. All the components were built quickly, simply and cheaply but rock solid, ready to face the open ocean.

Thursday afternoon dragged on minute by sweltering minute. Time generally passed quickly while I was working for Lowell's, but not on that hot August day. I was one of two employees working for Lowell's Boat Shop and the summer of 2006 was an especially busy one. We had more than enough work for three more of us, some boats were months behind schedule and we were booked solid with no end in sight so I was especially glad for the help of the Lowell's volunteers. Marshall, a regular volunteer at Lowell's, was in the shop helping me put the finishing touches on a dory. Marshall is an interesting guy and I enjoyed chatting after work, but when he suggested he could close up shop I jumped at the offer and went running out the door as the clock struck 4:00. I knew Joel and the schooner would be waiting at the old ferry slip in Salisbury. I had to hurry, time and tide would not wait for me.

The old Banks dory was now a real honest to goodness schooner! Our entry form had been approved (after some good-natured scrutiny) by the Schooner Commission in charge of the Governor's Cup. Our schooner's name was listed as *Banks Dory*, a tribute to the tens of thousands of unnamed dories used aboard fishing schooners for nearly 100 years. We were the smallest schooner qualified to race for the Betty Ramesy Trophy (19'-40' long schooners). Our class would cross the starting line just minutes after the Esperanto Cup competitors, these are the big boats, each one over 80' on deck!

Joel had agreed to help me sail the dory schooner from Rings Island to Gloucester where we would meet with RIRC members for the schooner races on Labor Day. By the time I had retrieved the oars from the RIRC boathouse Joel had the schooner ship-shape and packed with our provisions for four days on the water:

- 3 gal water (1 frozen)
- ½ gal milk (frozen)
- 6 gal sports drinks
- 1 dz eggs
- 1 lb thick sliced bacon
- 1½ lb bone in ham
- 1 lb hot dogs
- 3 cans Boston baked beans
- 1 can clam chowder
- 4 packs dry ramen noodles
- 10 granola bars
- various other sundries.

We packed the dry goods in a 5gal bucket and bungee corded the lid. The perishables, along with the frozen drinking water and milk, went into our small cooler, no room for ice. The rest of our water and sports drink would make the trip chilled by our schoo-

ner's ever-present bilge water. Even with close to 700lbs of water ballast in the bilge, 200lbs pounds of rig, gear, equipment and provisions, and 375lbs of crew, our dory was still floating high and dry, two planks showing, and ready to set sail for Gloucester.



Loading supplies Thursday evening at the ferry slip in Salisbury, Massachusetts.

Joel made a quick run to a local sub shop for our supper while I raised the sails and hung the rudder. Lauren stopped by to see us off and we embraced, this would be only our second night apart since our wedding one year previous. High tide was around 6pm and the Merrimack ebb had really begun to run. We lashed the tiller, ran out our oars, waved goodbye to Lauren, and pushed out from the slip at Rings Island. The river was glassy flat, our schooner's sails hung limply as we rowed between the moored boats. The many steeples of Newburyport's churches glowed a brilliant yellow in the red sunset. I rowed down river through the anchorage and down along Joppa Flats on the Newburyport side, still not a breath of air, we tied the sails back to the masts and glided on under oars. When Joel had finished eating his sub he took a turn at the oars. I sat back enjoying the sunset and supper.

Joel and I had elected to chart our course through a backwater channel called the Plum Island River rather than taking our schooner out through the narrow and notorious Merrimack River mouth out into the open Atlantic. The Plum Island River is little more than a tidal creek, about 60' wide. It connects at one end to the Merrimack and the other to the Parker River and Plum Island Sound. We rowed for the dark outline of Woodbridge Island and the lights of the Plum Island River bridge, which shone clearly over the marsh.

About a half hour after dark we had passed Woodbridge Island and reached the

bridge. It is a drawbridge but from the light of its two red signal lamps we could tell our masts would clear by 3' or more. The outgoing tide was racing against us so I hauled hard on the oars and Joel held us straight with the tiller. The hull was buffeted by the strong eddies around the bridge and after reaching the slow water on the other side it was time for the first of many bailing sessions.

The Plum Island River was as flat as a sheet of glass, the occasional traffic noise of cars on the gratings of the bridge faded as we rowed on by moonlight, deeply into the marsh. About halfway through the river is a point where the waterflow direction splits, some running into the Merrimack and some into Broad Sound behind Plum Island. The area is known to locals as the "Hackus," a shallow maze of little grass islands, mud banks, and narrow creeks. The outgoing tide was so low here that our oars were dipping into the mud. It was nearly 10pm and, with the tide still falling, we decided to put up the boom tent and turn in for the night.

The tent was a contrivance we had arranged just the week before and it was as yet untested. To rig the tent we ran a cord through the grommets in a 12'x8' poly tarp and around the gunwale of the dory. We used one of the sprit poles as a ridgepole tied between the two masts. With all the lines drawn tight the tent provided a relatively snug and weatherproof shelter to keep us dry should a shower blow through during the night. We removed the rudder, brushed our teeth with salt water, made sure the anchor was holding, then into our sleeping bags... still not a breath of air.

I awoke the next morning to the gentle chortling of ripples against the lapstrakes of our hull. As the sun rose over the sand dunes the wind rose with it. We bailed out our schooner. Joel got about the business of getting our little schooner shipshape while I snapped a few photos. With high tide around 6:30am and the breeze blowing toward Gloucester we decided to raise the jib before making breakfast. The hobo stove (coffee can with paraffin and cardboard wick) I had brought along did a fine job of frying eight strips of bacon and six eggs, which Joel and I agreed tasted especially good when cooked aboard our own schooner.

As we were finishing breakfast Joel pointed out a white speck of spray up the Parker River. As it came closer I recognized it as my father Bert in our aluminum boat. Lauren was with him! They were coming out to see us off and deliver a bottle of Tylenol. I passed Lauren my camera while Joel and I raised the fore and mainsails and readied

our little dory for sea. While we made breakfast we had covered nearly a mile just drifting with the tide and breeze. With the jib already up and our schooner running before an 8-10mph breeze it was no trouble pushing the other two sails up the masts. Lauren tossed me back the camera and Joel and I waved goodbye as we hauled in on the sheets and headed off down the sound. The Dory Schooner was sliding along nicely. We passed Grape Island and then Pavilion Beach in Ipswich by 9am and rounded the southern tip of Plum Island, now we were headed for the open sea.

Off the mouth of the Ipswich River our schooner began to rise to the first ocean swells. I was surprised how steep the waves were. Just then a large wave broke off our lee bow. All along its crest raged white water. I glanced under the sail to see the surf of one of Ipswich's famous "breaking bars" only a 100' to leeward! The beaches around are littered with water worn lumps of coal and brick, cargo of the unfortunate ships that ended their days on these treacherous shoals. We tacked on the spot and ran out a pair of oars just as an incredibly steep wave came rushing at us. Our schooner sails full and drawing and Joel pulling at the oars smashed its way through the wave throwing spray head high. A few more steep crests and we were back out into deeper water. Several more short tacks saw our little schooner safely out into Ipswich Bay.

Ipswich Bay is not sheltered water. More like a dent in the shoreline than a protected bay, it is completely open to the sea from the New Hampshire coast to Cape Ann, Massachusetts. Our objective on this leg of the trip was the Annisquam River. The Annisquam cuts deeply into the base of the peninsula that is Cape Ann. Following the river leads to an ancient canal that empties into Gloucester Harbor just a stone's throw from the famous Gloucester Fisherman's Monument. While crossing Ipswich Bay we would be exposed to the Atlantic and navigating the mouth of the Annisquam could get exciting in a breaking sea. Full-sized ocean swells regularly break on the bay's most sheltered beaches. I was under no delusions, we were on the ocean in an open boat.

Out on the bay the breeze was blowing 12-15. We were sailing close hauled, beating our way into a steep 3' chop. I kept our bow pointing for a headland on Cape Ann known as Halibut Point (originally Haul About) or "the rock pile." The point is the site of an old granite quarry dating back to pre-Colonial times. Joel dropped the jib because it was causing our bow to fall off the wind. We needed to keep pointing high, clawing our way

Hoisting sprit sails on Broad Sound.



Gloucester bound, sail raised and ready for sea.



to windward trying to stay clear of Steep Hill beach. We got the dory organized and settled onto a long tack. We would stay on this same tack and heading for more than three hours. Joel was trimming the foresail while I tended the main and handled the tiller.

The *Banks Dory* had no centerboard or keel, not even a skeg, just the rudder, the weight of ballast and gear, and her hard chine to keep her from slipping to leeward. To sail upwind we let the dory heel until her lee rail was nearly touching the water. This put her chine down deep and gave us our best performance to windward. There was a little leaking as our schooner shouldered through the sloppy 3'-4' chop. We took spray over our weather rail occasionally but our schooner kept us dry. The sprit sails set smoothly and pulled consistently, they were hardly affected by the bounding of our schooner in the short, steep seas.

The hours seemed to drag on. We were pinching as close to the wind as we dared, bucking up and down off the mouth of the Essex River. There were no boats about save a large trimaran with a monster-sized sail that passed within a quarter-mile of us doing over 10kts. Joel went for the camera to snap a few photos but started to feel queasy. We opened sports drinks and tried to keep hydrated in the noonday sun. The southeasterly wind continued building to a steady 15mph and with it the chop. We were in for a bumpy ride.



Two miles off the Essex River on Ipswich Bay.

Finally around 1:30pm we eased off the wind. The entrance to the Annisquam was now only a few miles off on our starboard side. The river mouth showed as a break between the long sandy stretch of Wingaersheek Beach and the stern, rocky shore of Cape Ann. Joel took the tiller and I climbed out to the bow and hoisted the jib. We were now on a broad reach and churning along. Our sails strained and a huge bow wave rolled out along our lee side. The stern wave hissed just inches from the rail and the chop was steep and breaking in our wake. I perched high on the weather rail tending the main and fore sheets while Joel made good use of the 7' tiller keeping our dory steady, roaring toward the mouth of the Annisquam. Now we were making time, spray flying, we were grinning from ear to ear as our schooner "brought us to the horizon."

With the wind over our transom we came in through the chop off Wigwam Point Light, continuing up the Annisquam past

Babson Point and then through the fleet at the Annisquam Yacht Club, right up the river leaving the lush grassy expanses of Pearce Island and the West Gloucester marshes to starboard, finally passing under the Rt. 128 bridge under sail power only. I dropped the anchor in a shallow backwater just south of the bridge. Joel broke out our can of Snows New England Clam Chowder while I lit a fire in the hobo stove. After a late lunch we brailed the sails to the masts, lowered the jib, up'ed anchor, ran out the oars, and pulled for the railroad bridge and canal beyond. Once we were under the railroad bridge Joel and I could see the final obstacle between us and Gloucester Harbor, the Rt. 127 drawbridge over the canal.



Entering the Annisquam River past Wigwam Point Light.

For Joel and I to have taken our schooner out and around Cape Ann would have meant many more hours tacking into a headwind out on Ipswich Bay and a long run down the outside coast to Gloucester Harbor. The canal is a narrow channel dug through the mud, gravel and stone of Cape Ann connecting the Annisquam River with Gloucester's outer harbor. It empties into the harbor beside the Fisherman's Monument, making

On the docks in Gloucester.



the Cape effectively an island. We rowed up the canal to within a few hundred feet of the bridge. I pulled on the oars as Joel at the tiller fought the swirling eddies and raging current for control of our dory. We were barely able to hold our dory steady against the current, there was white water under the bridge itself, the tide must have been racing at 6-7mph against us. We knew rowing our heavily laden dory against that tide would be next to impossible.

Resigning ourselves to the fact that we would have to wait for the tide to turn, we prepared to return downstream to the railroad bridge and spend several hours at anchor. As we were about to turn back a siren sounded behind us, it was the Gloucester harbormaster. He kindly offered us a tow through the draw. The harbormaster radioed the tower and as the bridge began to open we tied alongside his boat and were towed through the raging current out into Gloucester Harbor.

With a grateful wave to the harbormaster we cast off our lines and sheeted in the sails. They filled with a beautiful easterly breeze pulling nicely. We tacked our schooner 100' from the beach and set a course for the inner harbor. Now we were moving, our rail just inches from the water, bow wave throwing the small, foot high, chop to leeward with a regular rhythm. Joel and I relaxed. The dangers of open water, the questions about our schooner's upwind performance, the concerns of navigating the canal, they were all behind us. Our schooner was in Gloucester Harbor charging past Ten Pound Island with a bone in her teeth. Ahead were the masts of *Bluenose II* and many other schooners rafted up in the inner harbor. We had completed our voyage, we had made it to Gloucester Harbor and we were ready to race for The Governor's Cup!

(Following a layoff at Lowell's Boat shop in 2006, Dan Noyes decided to go into the boat building business on his own account and designed and built his 18' Ipswich Bay Sailing Dory which was featured in our report on the Wooden Boat Show in the September 1 issue. He can be reached at 17 Cottage Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0126, danoyes1@gmail.com).

I was working in Germany for NATO and had been boatless for over a year and, as some of my colleagues said, was becoming restless and intolerable. I had sold my last boat in Italy and had never before been without a boat for so long. For the previous few months an almost catatonic state possessed me and I remained glued to the yachting magazines that I subscribed to. I read and dreamt about Stars and Six Meters, Dragons and Folkboats, Robert Tucker's Silhouette and Ballerina, and the hundreds of small racers and cruisers available in Europe at that time.

Yet I had to face reality, no handy harbor offered services nearby and my work schedule wouldn't permit much time off for a long distance commute. I had a small family and there were many small lakes in the area so it seemed that a trailerable daysailer would fit my needs, but there were so many!

During my research I had come across the cruising adventures of Frank and Ida Dye in their 16' Wayfarer dinghy. The stories were almost incredible and seemed to support the fact that the Wayfarer was a good long distance cruiser. One of their voyages had been from Scotland to Norway, across the bitter cold and boisterous North Sea. Sometimes the winds exceeded Force 7 and the waves exceeded 10' and they did, indeed, capsize but had fixed themselves to the boat in such a way that they were able to re-board from the freezing water and bail her out. They took it all in stride although Ida said something like she wished it hadn't been quite so rough. It sounded very courageous to me although I had absolutely no intention of trying to do the same thing. Yet the boat fired my imagination and intrigued me and so it was that I sent off an order to Small Craft in England for one mahogany ply Wayfarer.

Since I worked for NATO I was able to avoid the usual hassle that an American living in Germany importing an English boat would probably face. The boat had to be built and I waited patiently for several months during which Small Craft kindly kept me posted on the building progress. Finally the shipping documents arrived and my wife and I celebrated and waited notice from German Customs. When it arrived we went to the Customs yard at the train depot in Koln (Cologne). There, amongst a bevy of shipping pallets laden with every object imaginable, large containers of commercial goods and every type of machinery, sat my wooden beauty on a perfectly matched trailer. She had been carefully wrapped like a Christmas present

Two Boats and a Shark

By J.J.Bohnaker

to protect the beautiful mahogany trim and white topsides. I'll never forget the joy I felt at that moment. The boat was moved to the exit area and, after signing a few papers, I hitched her to the car and drove home to the village where we lived, close to Bonn.

When the first available weekend arrived I called my friend Jimmy in Frankfurt and invited him to join me on my maiden voyage. Jimmy and I had sailed together often, he had been my neighbor and colleague when I lived in Desenzano, Italy. He owned a Flying Dutchman while he lived there and I used to crew for him during Regattas on Lake Garda. Hanging on the trapeze when the Dutchman is up on a plane going at God only knows what speed is one of the finest things a person can do. I used to borrow the Dutchman to go daysailing when Jimmy was out of town. It was a joy to sail but demanded close attention when using the big genoa. Jimmy always liked to go fast, he was a fast car and motorcycle nut, and he bought this Flying Dutchman because it was a screamer and literally flew over the water.

In relative terms the Flying Dutchman is a small boat (18'), very light, an oversized canoe if you will, but the pressure on the rigging from that big genoa can be enormous. The rigging has to be set up just right and needs constant attention. Once, when I was sailing in a strong wind, a pin came loose and the forestay parted company with the stem, the mast came crashing down amidships between me and my sailing companion. We were both stunned, it had happened so fast. I resolved to check the rigging more carefully before setting sail after that and I do so to this day. Very often lessons learned the hard way are the most effective. I really enjoyed sailing the Dutchman although I never pushed it half as hard as Jimmy did.

We trailered the Wayfarer through the vineyard laden hills southeast of Koln. This area is very rural and peaceful now but it wasn't always that way. In WWII it was through these very hills that Allied troops swarmed on their way to the Rhine bridges under heavy fire and determined resistance from the Germans. The fighting was fero-

cious and the destruction terrible as witnessed by the story of the battle for the bridge at nearby Remagen. Sometimes, when visiting an old battleground, it's hard to believe what happened there, especially when there is nothing around to commemorate it. At that time (1970) there seemed to be no trace of what had happened. Everything had been rebuilt, covered up, or buried.

We launched the boat on the Rursee, a small gem of a lake surrounded by the aforementioned small hills. The first sail was, to say the least, very exciting as we found the Wayfarer wouldn't hesitate to capsize in a strong breeze. It took several times out to get used to her somewhat delicate nature and to understand our limits. Jimmy was a flyweight and couldn't put much beef up on the windward side.

Eventually we got used to the tenderness of the double-chined hull and found the slot where she would stiffen up without plunging the rail under too far. I took a great liking to her but found it hard to understand why Frank and Ida had considered her such a prime cruising boat. When I sailed alone in a good breeze she was dicey and I found a need to reduce sail. I had reef points sewn in the mainsail, she just had too much sail for a solo sailor. In light airs with the full sail she just moved right along.

I trailered the Wayfarer to many lakes in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. I took her over the Simplon and Brenner passes through the Alps with my small European car. She was easy to tow, easy to rig, and easy to launch. With the reefed main available she was also easy to sail.

I took a week's vacation with my wife and children and we spent it with the Wayfarer, exploring the shore and harbors of the Bodensee (Lake Constance). Ancient towns and villages are dotted along the shoreline and our base port was a small but pleasant hotel in Uberlingen overlooking the lake. When I told the hotel staff I was bringing a small boat with me, they had a temporary mooring installed off their wonderful piece of wooded shore.

Lake Constance borders three countries, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, so a sailing tour around the lake becomes an international voyage. It was summer and the winds were light and variable but the large main provided plenty of drive for our tour. We had no outboard motor but relied on the breeze and a paddle. There was no need to sail the entire length of the lake since frequent ferries cross from town to town, allowing us to see many places from just one port.

Checking out the Wayfarer on the Rursee, Germany.



The Flying Dutchman on Lake Garda, with Jimmy on the stern, a real Dutchman on the bow.





Crew readying the Wayfarer on Lake Constance.

The lake runs generally from a northwest quadrant to the southeast for about 40 miles and is shaped something like a lobster's claw with the two pincers in the northwest corner. Konstanz (Constance), the largest German city on the lake, is located near the junction of the pincers. It has the peculiar attribute of being completely surrounded by Swiss territory with its only opening to the motherland being the lakeshore. Partly for this reason it was spared bombing during the war and many original 14th and 15th century buildings still stand. This beautiful old city is famous today for its casino and as a prime lake resort.

Viewing the old dowager from the decks of a Wayfarer was far more exciting and interesting than driving around to see her, dodging all the bent for hell traffic. And so it was with most of the famous old towns along the shore. Meersburg has a castle tower ruin located on a small peak that can much better be appreciated from the lake, preferably from your own small boat. Of course, we did tie up and visit the famous landmarks. Another town, Friedrichshafen, was the birthplace of the famous Zeppelin rigid airships. It was from here that the Zeppelins departed for their famous trans Atlantic flights to America.

The kids enjoyed the sights but enjoyed much more riding in and rowing the small inflatable dinghy I used for ship to shore. Every time we came up to a harbor a fleet of swans would come out and escort us in, to the delight of the children. It was a kind of idyllic boating, just right for the young ones to get familiar with the nautical world while learning about different cultures and ways of life.

After leaving the placid Bodensee I longed for the adventures of Frank and Ida Dye crossing the North Sea so I trailered the boat down to nearby Lake Garda where I knew the wind could toss up a good sea. It was there that I learned how good the boat could be in a blow, if you knew how to handle her. I guess I finally understood why Frank and Ida thought so much of their seaworthy boat.

A few months later Jimmy and I were sailing once more on the Rursee and were



Captain and First Mate giving orders.

Lake Constance reception committee.



planning a trip to the north German coast where *Riddle of the Sands* took place. For those familiar with Eskine Childer's tale, we thought it would be great adventure retracing the route of Davie's boat, the *Dulcibella*, with a visit to the Frisian Islands. Perhaps Herr Dollmann would invite us to take a "shortcut through the sands." It was while we were discussing this that something went flying by off the starboard side. The conversation went something like this:

"Oh my, what was that?" Jimmy exclaimed.

"Don't know," I said, "but I think it was some kind of a catamaran." She had twin hulls that looked like Hawk missiles and a sail that seemed to reach up twice as high as the Wayfarer's. She rapidly disappeared from our vicinity.

"Follow her!" Jimmy shouted.

I tried but the catamaran quickly disappeared around a bend in the shore. "Well, I'll be. We'll need a motor boat to catch her," I said.

I remember Jimmy sat there bug-eyed and said something like, "Never mind about that. Just keep going. We'll catch her... this lake isn't very big."

Eventually we found the catamaran beached on one of the many small inlets. I pulled ashore and we met a pair of Brits who worked in the English Embassy in Bonn. "It's a Shark," they told us. "Descendant of some of Prout's cats. You know, the Swift and the Shearwater. Goes like hell."

Jimmy sort of swooned over that catamaran, much like Toad did for the motorcar, and later he managed to wrangle a sail on the Shark. When I next met him he had secured catalogs from English catamaran builders and that was all he could talk about. It was the heyday of small catamaran design and he must have had a dozen catalogs and pamphlets. He was, as they say, hooked. When his wife could no longer put up with him, she told him to order the damn thing. He did. He ordered a Shark.

Since the shipping costs were fairly steep for a folding 20' catamaran, he asked me to go to England with him to pick it up. The builder was located on the East Coast in Brightlingsea and we found that there was a North Sea ferry close by (Ipswich) that would

take a car with a trailered boat to Holland or Belgium. We made arrangements.

As I mentioned earlier, Jimmy was a hot car enthusiast and he drove a muscle car, a souped-up Dodge Charger. He enjoyed blowing Mercedes off the Autobahn which, at that time, had no speed limits. Although the Mercedes could ultimately outrun the Charger, they couldn't come close on raw acceleration. I told Jimmy we would go to England with him if he left his lead foot at home.

We drove down to Calais to take the Dover ferry. The wives decided to make a small vacation out of the trip and so came along. We flew through Germany, Belgium, and France a lot faster than I cared to and I almost moved into the back seat with the wives.

I remember the ferry was somewhat dirty and the sea a bit rough so we stayed below in the car for most of the trip. We had to go through immigration on the upper deck of the ferry before we arrived at Dover and that was an unpleasant surprise. The two officers who interviewed us were clearly suspicious of our motives and didn't seem to believe that we were coming over to pick up a catamaran. Things got a little testy and they told us they wouldn't let us off the ferry, that they intended to send us back to France. When Jimmy cooled down and went down to the car and brought up the purchase papers they grumbled, but let us go. I don't know what triggered all that but they were definitely two very unhappy and unpleasant gentlemen.

When we finally drove off the ferry I realized my worst nightmare had come true. Jimmy was driving and we had to drive on the wrong side of the road. I was in the death seat! It was a thrill a minute as Jimmy passed every car he could without knowing which side he should pass on. There I was, virtually straddling the highway centerline, watching all the oncoming traffic about to rip our side off. Jimmy thought it was great fun.

We turned north and ran up the coast, avoiding London traffic. Traffic roundabouts were a mystery as we tried to figure out how to get on and how to get off. Eventually we made it to Colchester where we had hotel reservations. We checked in, made arrangements for our wives to go touring, and then drove the short distance to Brightlingsea on the Colne estuary where we found Jimmy's Shark, folded on the trailer and waiting. He completed the necessary transactions and it was very exciting as the builder showed us the ropes about unfolding the hull, rigging the boat on the trailer, launching, and some tips about sailing the Shark.

Jimmy wanted to take it out in the North Sea for our first sail but the tide wasn't right and the builder told us we could take it out the following day since the weather forecasts were favorable. He offered to have one of his hands go with us but Jimmy declined his help. Jimmy liked to figure things out for himself. The builder frowned and told us about the timing of the strong tides, the shoals, and the sands. He said he would loan us a chart. We left the Shark rigged on the trailer, ready for the next day. I thought seriously about staying ashore.

We returned to the hotel to meet the wives. The hotel (The George), like many others, claimed to be the oldest hotel in England. After looking at the structure with massive beams in the low ceilings, the small doorways, and ancient plaster walls, I believed it. A tiny pub and restaurant were located in a subterranean room, again with those massive



The George Hotel in Colchester, the "Oldest" hotel in England.

beams surrounding us, and later we dined like noblemen of the first order.

Like the hotel, Colchester claims to be the oldest town in England. It's a busy river port located about 12 miles upriver from the mouth of the Colne. Historians suggest that the town was first established as a Roman colony by Emperor Claudius around 45AD. It is also said that at one time it was ruled by legendary Cymbeline who was the model for the eponymous patron of the town, Old King Cole. After I learned this fact, everywhere I went in Colchester caused the "Old King Cole was a Merry Old Soul" tune to rattle around in my head. I found myself whistling it until it almost drove me batty.

Parts of the Roman walls survive and the environs have been rich in yielding artifacts. There is a 12th century Priory (St. Botolph's), still standing, that was built with Roman bricks. That type of structural quality is downright envious. At that time Colchester was also very famous for boat building and its estuary oyster beds, harvested since ancient times. That's a grand example of Natural Conservation. We tried some of the tasty bi-valves later that evening.

The next day we packed a small lunch of fish and chips from a quayside shop (the best we've ever had) and beer in a small cooler and headed down to the builder's docks. The wives had some more touring of Colchester in mind. As I recall, we had to wait awhile for the right tide conditions so we toured around the port of Brightlingsea. In ancient times it was a crusty old fishing and boat building port with a justified reputation for toughness. The local sailors (they may have preferred to be called watermen) had a reputation for going after deep sea oysters and scallops regardless of the weather. It was an excellent example of the ancient tale of men against the pitiless sea, a hard and cruel life for those who made their living from it without any of the romance given it by modern writers. Yet it is told that they were proud to be watermen and wouldn't trade places for anything. The fishing fleet reached its peak in the 19th century with some locally built boats reaching 110 tons (about 70' to 80' on the waterline). The local church commemorates the memory of the watermen who manned these vessels with wall tablets listing the names of over 200 men lost at sea.

Like everywhere else, the richness of the sea rapidly diminished with overfishing and smaller fishing Smacks and Coasters came back in to use. Today the fishery is very limited and Brightlingsea is mostly devoted to building and using both wooden and fiberglass pleasure boats. We saw hundreds of them moored around the rivers, creeks, and the estuary. There were still many fine examples of traditional wooden lapstrake skiffs still being used for fishing, sailing, and messing about.



The Shark on the beach with full sail.

We returned to the dock and the builder's rep pointed out landmarks on the chart to look for, like the steeple of the church, and warned us on return to meet the incoming tide. It was about three miles to the mouth of the estuary where he told us there were offshore shoals and sands at low water. He advised us to head northeast once we cleared the headlands and stay close to the coast. He loaned us a pocket compass and warned us not to head out too far to sea as there were tricky currents that could slow us down and the possibility of fog and lots of shoals. He warned us again to make the incoming tide or we could be floating around or grounded for quite awhile. The good news was that the forecast was fair and there would be little surf to contend with.

The day was overcast with a misty haze in the air and there was a light breeze coming up the estuary. We had to tack out and found the Shark's speed in the light air incredible. Never had we felt such acceleration and had to be careful lest we run into some of the boats moving down and around the river. The sailing was all Jimmy and I had hoped for although she wouldn't point as high as the Wayfarer and we were learning new things on every tack. Before we knew it we had cleared the low lying headlands and Jimmy right then decided to head offshore to catch some stronger winds.

"He said we should stay close to the coast," I said.

"This is fantastic," Jimmy said, as we flew along, almost on one hull. I observed that the low shoreline was rapidly disappearing from view but the wind did freshen and the sailing was great. We tried different points of sail and found the Shark exhilarating. After about an hour or so of this I reminded him that the agent had said that we could run into tricky currents.

"What? What? Tricky currents?" Jimmy's eyes seemed glazed over. "Have you ever seen anything like this?" he burred. We continued the rapid, headlong flight out to sea.

After a while he seemed to come out of the euphoric trance and finally asked me if he should turn northeast. He said he thought we would be heading up to Claxton although the shore was just a haze off in the distance.

Somehow I figured we had already passed Claxton and I checked the chart and suggested we head northwest. We continued on that course for awhile, then noticed islands of sand surfacing around us and we dragged bottom with the centerboards several times. We could hear the builder's rep saying, "I told you so." The prospect of being stranded on a sand island made us take a heading direct for the coast since the deep water lay along the coast in a channel called the "Wallet." Luckily we ran into some yacht traffic that seemed to be winding its way through the sands and we tried to follow. They were under power and some of the channels were too narrow to sail through. Luckily the agent had supplied us with two long-handled paddles and we raised the boards and dropped the main and paddled and pushed our way around the shallow channels, running aground several times. Finally we managed to skim over the last of the shoals before it was too late, raised the sail, and made it into water that ran one to two fathoms at low tide.

We were in a safe slot now so we did lots of maneuvers, slowed down and ate the fish and chips and later, as the time approached to be meeting the incoming tide, Jimmy turned west, hopefully heading for the estuary we departed from. But something happened. We weren't travelling near as fast as we had on the outbound leg and found ourselves being pushed around by the tricky currents. Then I believe it was when the wind dropped off and for a while we seemed to be standing still. The upshot was that we missed our mark for the incoming tide and before we got halfway up the estuary the river flow took charge over the light wind and we could make no headway, even with the paddles.

Luckily there were some pilings near the banks and our shallow draft allowed us to drift and maneuver into one where we tied up before being sucked back out to sea. We thought about wading ashore but since we didn't know exactly where we were, or what the tide fall would be, or the nature of that black, muddy bottom showing up near the banks, we were prepared to spend some time on the Shark. As I recall, a short while later some passing fishermen were able to toss us a line and towed us back to the builder's dock. As we explained our adventures to the builder, he laughed and told us he had asked the fishermen to keep an eye out for us. We were humbled but very happy with the Shark and especially about learning something about sailing around the sands and shoals off Brightlingsea. It had been a great sailing experience for a couple of North Sea lubbers like us. And we had a great time touring around old King Cole's merry old town.

Jimmy really enjoyed the Shark and he sailed her for several years and I was fortunate enough to join him on several other occasions. Still, I preferred the more traditional sailing in the Wayfarer. Unfortunately, I was transferred from Germany before I could take the Wayfarer up to the Frisian Islands and follow in Dulcibella's wake. That's still something to look forward to.

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Love, and What It Can Lead To

By Bob Errico

It all started when I fell in love one summer day in 2000. As I drove south on Long Beach Boulevard to my construction job she suddenly caught my eye. Now here on New Jersey's Long Beach Island in the summertime one must be careful to keep one's eyes on one's driving because there are many female driving distractions walking about, some quite beautiful ones, but none like what I was seeing now. "My wife will kill me," I thought as I pulled over nonetheless to make this young lady's acquaintance. I had never seen a girl like this and one glance was all it took, I had to have her! Surely you, our reader, will understand. I think that more than a few of you have been likewise smitten.

She had a faded "For Sale" sign taped to her side and looked tired on a seriously tired trailer, but being quite destitute at the time I realized she was out of my league. But love makes one do funny things. Asking her to wait for me, I promised I'd be back some time to make her mine. I never forgot her.

Fast forward a year. My friend Steve, the renowned architect, thinker, and generally good guy, asked me to bid on a future construction project and sent me to an address to look at the existing house. Now whether it was destiny or me writing down the wrong address I'll never know, but I drove up the wrong street and there she was, just as striking as ever and still available. Jumping out of my truck I approached her. "I told you I'd be back," I whispered. Now the sight of a stranger talking to a sailboat usually draws attention and the owner soon emerged from his home, wondering who this nutcase was. We struck up a conversation as well as a deal, became friends, and, to make a long story short, I took her home two days later.

I tried to explain to my wife that she was just a friend and I think she bought it for a while but love is impossible to conceal. Soon she knew she had real competition, but realizing that I was the primary breadwinner in the family, eliminating me would not be in her best interest. She tolerated the SeaPearl.

After the usual tinkering, waxing, repairing, and refinishing we were truly in love and ready to sail. And sail we did, as often as possible, openly, secretly, you name it, we were in love! Who cared about reason and logic or what anyone else thinks! And she turned heads wherever we went as only a SeaPearl can.

When one is in love sometimes common sense takes a back seat. Or never even makes it into the car. We do strange things, things that are not normal and sometimes unsafe. We try to keep that feeling of newness going as long as possible all the while knowing it's really not supposed to last. Duh... maybe that's why it's called newness?? In my case, this meant sailing as much as possible even into the colder December weather. Ignorant of the dangers of a capsizing in cold water I sailed on through the fall.

An aside here: Please note that the April 15, 2007 issue of *MAIB* was only a glimmer in our editor's eye so there was no way I could've read the article entitled "Off-Season Boating, Cold Shock, and Hypothermia" on p.7. If you haven't read this, get the back issue, read it, re-read it, and remember it. It could save your life!

But, I didn't come here to discuss Sea-Pearls, hypothermia, or even love itself but I had to find a way to lure you, our reader, to the main story, "A December Sail."

Driving over the Causeway Bridge to Long Beach Island I always look north and south to

make sure Old Barnegat Bay is still there. As usual, today it was but to my surprise a small, lone, white sail was also out, about three miles north right near the Harvey Sedges. It was December 15 or so, there usually were no other boats out, but the Pearl and I were meeting for another of our many secret rendezvous. "We'll have some company," I thought. With the north wind we should meet up just when I make it out past Lazy Point, I calculated.

After finally setting up, I made it out and noticed that this other boat was still in the same place as when I first saw it. Being a curious sort, I just had to find out who this was, why it hadn't moved in 30 minutes, and was there trouble of some kind. After a number of tacks and an hour or so I finally met up with a small white sloop with many obvious miles on her. Her skipper emerged from the cabin with an unusual greeting, "Where am I?" he shouted. Not a good sign considering the lower Barnegat Bay is no vast body of water, one can easily see land from anywhere.

Coming up alongside the captain introduced himself as Mark, on his way to the Bahamas from Lake Erie. He was the last boat through the Erie Canal before freeze-up, or so he proclaimed. I suddenly had one of those inner intimations that I was about to have an interesting adventure. As I eyed this well-worn boat my thoughts ranged from, "You are going to where from where in that?" to "Here is either a chief liar, true adventurer, raving lunatic, or worse yet, a combination of the three." We instantly became friends.

It seems that he indeed had embarked on this adventurous voyage, somehow came in Barnegat Inlet, and tried to navigate the ICW south. The local aids to navigation were long since taken in and only the ICW markers were present. And he was well outside of them. Now our bay is what's known as thin water and his sloop, requiring a bit thicker water, was aground and had a snagged jib halyard preventing him from dropping the jib. After a bit of skeedaddling the mighty SeaPearl and I helped free him and guide him over to a local marina where, we hoped, we could get help unsnagging the line.

I walked into the marina office to ask for some assistance and received this reply, "Don't know nuthin' about sailboats. Don't wanna know nuthin' about sailboats." A helpful lad indeed. Trust me, this is not representative of all residents of my home state. Fine. I returned to Mark and together with a rickety old wooden extension ladder, a boat hook, and some high flying acrobatics we managed to free the halyard, drop the jib, and try to get his boat to resemble something that was close to seaworthy. He was still bent on his voyage south to the Bahamas, mind you.

A closer inspection of my new friend and his boat revealed some interesting details. He had a burn mark on his raincoat, a result of a confrontation with his malfunctioning stove and the gasoline he had spilled on himself trying to refill his outboard. His handheld VHF radio didn't work, possibly the result of his buying it the night before he left and not reading the instructions, and possibly because he couldn't charge it at sea (never buy a rechargeable battery VHF when you are not

able to recharge it). There were also no working navigational lights and, come to think of it, I didn't notice an electrical system at all. Charts? What are they? At this point I had to stop looking for flaws.

Still, somehow I envied this young man. He had worked all spring, summer, and part of the fall in his home country of Canada, saved all his money, bought this boat only a week before he left, and started out on this voyage to the Bahamas knowing at best a little about sailing. Sure, there were a number of weak points in his plan, but still he was doing it! Ya sure can't fault a guy for that. Here he was, with all he owned in the world, this 21' sloop and its contents, and was off on an adventure of a lifetime. Yeah, I was envious.

After organizing his boat back into shape Mark insisted on buying me a beer or two. By this time it is dark and after a quick shoe-phone call to the Admiral to reassure her I was still alive, I received permission to go ashore and comply with Mark's requests. It's only polite to accommodate foreign visitors to our fine country, after all. The Dutchman's Brauhaus was still open, known for fine German beers, German food, and their world famous onion soup. If you get the chance, indulge. No paid commercial endorsements here, just good advice. So off we went in my trusty old super-slow Toyota pick-up, affectionately named "The Turbo," adding some more miles to its already 200,000.

We sat ourselves at the bar and ordered up a few cold ones, even though after fussing with his boat and putting mine to bed we ourselves were already cold and wet ones. Nonetheless we had a wonderful talk, exchanged addresses, or more accurately I gave him my address, he had none. After about an hour I decided that before it was assumed I'd gone AWOL I should get myself on home. Now I don't know about Canadian drink buying etiquette but here in New Jersey when one offers to buy one a drink it is assumed that one has the funds readily available to do so. Maybe not so for our northern neighbors.

Before our departure Mark began to produce a small collection of Canadian and US coins, mostly pennies, nickels, and dimes. Viewing this meager offering our bartender's countenance went from friendly to "you better not be serious." Of course, I had no money because if I do carry cash, I spend it, which means I never carry cash for long. I don't remember all the details but I think Mark came up with the tab and had about four cents left for a tip.

Now this didn't sit well with our man behind the bar who obviously spent much time at a gym, so a bit of seat squirming on our part ensued. Fortunately for us it was December and the bouncers had long since returned to college. While Mark was heading for the door I, being a local around these parts and having a reputation to consider, reassured our bartender that I would visit my local ATM and return with a proper tip. He looked skeptical but had no choice but to set me free. I suppose that bartenders have probably heard every tale in the book and then some.

After returning Mark to his boat, which the helpful marina guy allowed to remain overnight, we bid our farewells. I gave him my chart of Sandy Hook to Cape May, New Jersey, hoping that would help him stay off the bottom, at least in New Jersey. I then tapped the ATM, returned to the Dutchman's to live up to my word, and left a much more than adequate tip, hopefully restoring in our

bartender a bit of trust in mankind and, resisting the temptation of another beer, fired up the Turbo and headed west for home.

Mark never did make it to the Bahamas but I did receive a postcard from Georgia later that same winter. He had made it down to the Peach State, wintered there, and was returning north to Canada and might make a stop in New Jersey. I never had the pleasure of seeing him again but I'm sure he completed his voyage and hopefully learned a bit about bar etiquette in the bargain.

Well, as time has a habit of doing it marched on. Winter turned to spring to summer to fall and so on and boats got sailed, painted, waxed, and sailed some more. I don't know when it happened but the Pearl and I began to have diminished feelings for one another and after she caught me eying a Compac 23, she'd had enough and called it quits. We decided that it would be better to part as friends and so we did. Last I heard she was a'courting with Dennis up in Point Pleasant and I'm sure they will be very happy together. She sure was a beauty and hopefully will be turning heads for a long time. I still miss her and all the fun we had but that was then and now is now. I did manage to get the Compac 23 *Koinonia* to notice me and we've been dating ever since, although it's not the same. Come to think of it, whatever is the same?

Well, we've learned a lot here, haven't we? Be careful of your heart for there's always another boat waiting to steal it. Follow your dreams. Don't ignore common sense completely or it may ignore you. Follow your dreams. Be careful in cold water. Follow your dreams. Always tip your servers and bartenders graciously, they depend on it. And in closing, a tip from, the aforementioned Steve, "Don't take life too seriously, you may not make it out alive!"

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We've all read the articles and heard the sea stories, about how competent, experienced seamen make really dumb choices. Usually the story involves an account of days on end of survival conditions, pitchpoling, knockdowns, and all those things most of us would rather avoid. This particular account of dumb choices starts off pretty commonplace. I think I was wearing street shoes, and a necktie, at the outset. The weather was benign. It all started on a Friday evening. After work.

I had agreed to deliver a friend's boat back to Oxnard from San Diego. It's about 200 miles as the crow swims. Usually farther. The wind tends to be on the nose when going north. And, for some perverse reason, it goes light to non-existent when heading south. My friend, Val, had sailed single handed down here earlier in the summer and had left her boat here in Chula Vista for a few weeks. The idea had been to sail in the more mellow San Diego conditions, attend a SCUZBUMS messabout, and then take her boat home later. Family events precluded the return. So naturally I said, "Put me in, coach." It wasn't supposed to be such a big deal. I've made the transit a bunch of times. A couple of long days and it's over with. Plan was to leave after work on a Friday and come home on the train by Sunday. No big deal.

Leave on a Friday? The traditional prescription of starting a voyage on a Friday has led me over the years to a number of partially successful anodynes. Sometimes I simply say that it's a "weekend trip" and shouldn't be subject to the "voyage" limitation. And, I admit, on more than several occasions I have deferred taking in lines until 0015 or so in order to avoid Neptune's wrath. And, my most artful, to date, I get underway on Thursday evening, to the fuel dock, or poop dock. Return to my slip. And then simply "continue" the voyage on Friday.

This superstition has come home to roost for me on a couple of notable occasions. Perhaps the most strident involved my getting a Navy ship sort of stuck perpendicularly between two piers while getting underway on a Friday. I did learn how to twist a single-screw ship in her own length without the aid of tugs (there weren't any tugs available to fix my ship handling error) during that unfortunate event. Actually, that entire voyage was marked by ill omens and events of disproportionate angst. But I'm pretty sure that was a Friday-the-13th kind of Friday. Anyhow, I was supposed to take this boat home, starting on Friday evening.

I had recruited a young fellow to accompany me. He was late of the surface navy. A junior officer. Deck watch qualified. We should simply be able to shove off. Stand watch-and-watch. Run on up there and get on the train. Pretty straightforward.

As we motored up the bay the sun was setting and I figured it would be a good idea to take a turn about the decks and check our vessel's condition. Odd, there was oil in the bilge. Actually, quite a lot of oil. Shut the little diesel down. Check the dip stick. Hmmn. Up to the marks. To this day I don't know where it came from. The sump was full of icebox water so it was necessary to sop up the oil and keep it in a bucket in the cockpit to avoid an incident with the bilge pump as we passed the Po-leece Dock. It was past dark as we motored on past Ballast Point, heading for the open sea.

Leaving San Diego for points north is a bit of a guess and a detour. We get to the

It Could Have Been A Lot Worse

By Dan Rogers

end of the dirt part with Point Loma abeam to starboard. But one of the most productive kelp forests in the country stands just outside the surf line for several miles north and south and a varying distance offshore to the west. We have a long, long way to march. The kelp doesn't seem all so heavy this evening. Soooooo, off we head on a rhumb line course for Ventura County, something like 300 magnetic. After about 20 minutes the little diesel is lugging down. The water is remarkably smooth. The boat is going real damn slow. Yep. We're all but moored in the kelp. I knew I shouldn't leave on a Friday.

There are times when I can be rather target fixated. We have a long way to go, and since the kelp seems to be thinning out now, why not keep on the current heading and hope for the best? This is sort of the same logic that would have one continue through a suspected mine field in the hope that all the mines were in a clump at the start. You guessed it. I probably added an hour of meandering around the kelp patties with that brilliant little short-cut idea. Finally free of the kelp, the wind is light. There is this leftover swell coming from about three different directions. And the boat does the Southern California Two Step, "buck, plunge, snap, roll, buck, plunge..." It could be a long night of it.

My companion started off the evening sharing in tales of maritime derring-do. Smoked a cigar. And started "pumping bilges" almost immediately thereafter. Hey, I've been seasick under monstrously public conditions and don't feel particularly superior when it happens to somebody else. But he's not going to be a lot of help for a while. So I set auto, tried for a survivable pitch and timbre from the 3-cylinder rock crusher down below, and braced myself, elbows on the dodger, feet spread eagled on the cockpit seats. Gonna be a long night.

Sometime a couple hours before sun-up we must have been someplace off Oceanside. Yes, they have guest docks. Yes, we could have gone in there and got some sleep. Yes, I was on the downwind side of 50 and really shouldn't stay up all night after working all day. No, we didn't go in. I had been watching the loom of what I decided were the fantail lights of a party boat ("pukebarge") someplace up ahead for about a half hour. You know how a guy can look at something ambiguous, and the longer he stares at it, the more certain he is about what it means?

We were probably making four knots good with the buck, plunge, snap, roll deal still in full swing. My guess was that we were slowly closing with a slowly northbound fisherman. But as often happens in these circumstances, something just didn't feel right. Didn't know what. Just something. So I called my companion. By the time I had gone below, convinced him to come on out to the cockpit, and we had gotten the bino's focused to zero-zero-zero relative, that fuzzy loom had turned into the "Christmas tree" of towing lights on a southbound tug. Oops.

As the red and green popped over the horizon we were running exactly reciprocal courses, exactly the same track. Like I said, Oops. Dodging the tug itself was not such a big deal. Dodg-

ing the fan of down-to-the-water fuel barges he was dragging became more of a dance of death for us. I had all 23 ponies at full gallop and had hauled off to starboard in hope of opening CPA (closest point of approach) with what appeared to be rush hour for dimly lit barges in that part of the ocean. Whew. That was kind of close. And this isn't my boat.

Still bucking, plunging, snapping, and rolling. The sun is up and we decided to stop in Newport Beach for fuel. That little side trip can cost over an hour sea buoy to sea buoy. That doesn't count the divergence from rhumb line track. Lunch time comes and goes. We're still rumbling along with the rock crusher clanging away. Still a lumpy, confused sea state. Not much eating. Not any sleeping. Not any younger, either. We're about halfway. In fact, there are segments of this transit where I have been, on occasion, convinced that I was glued to the spot (actually, there is a pretty strong southerly set up to a couple knots at times).

The run past Los Angeles and out into Santa Monica Bay is one of those. There's usually a lot of ship traffic coming and going from the City of Lost Angels. And the run across to Point Dume toward Malibu seems to take forever in a slowly crawling sailboat. As this trip devolved, the only wind that wasn't exactly on the nose came up that afternoon, near Malibu. Probably a thermal from the movie stars' BBQs up the cliffs. We hadn't seen another boat for hours. I set the genny and proceeded to take a little one-eyed cat nap when, to my utter astonishment, another sailboat emerged from behind the jib, quite unheralded, quite unseen. That old, CBDR thing (constant bearing, decreasing range) had apparently held the other boat in my blind sector as we raced each other for an almost too-crowded point in the ocean. That was a close one. Couldn't have anything to do with being real darn tired? Naw.

Another sunset comes and hisses into the western sea. We are STILL doing the same buck, plunge, snap, roll, rumble thing. We can't even really hang the main up in these conditions as the darn thing just flogs and flails. I wouldn't do it even if it was my boat. And this is not my boat. Finally it's doing a pretty good imitation of midnight. We are more or less off the Channel Islands Harbor breakwater. I have been in and out of this place a bazillion times, but not for several years. Viz is OK. Still no sleep. It's now getting into Sunday morning and this no-longer-spring-chicken hasn't been to bed since Thursday. I admit it. In addition to slurping my hundredth cup of tepid instant coffee and staring bleary eyed at the entrance lights, my REAL agenda is to get this floating sleep deprivation chamber tied up in her berth and get my butt into a berth as well. But something just isn't right. And, did I mention, that this isn't my boat?

There is no white breaking water on the break water. And there aren't enough lights over there either. But we've got the entrance on GPS. I've got the paper chart up to speed. And yes, we're really, REALLY tired. And beside, another boat has approached from the southwest. (Interestingly, this part of the "left coast" actually goes east and west. Yeah, you sail 180T to leave California in this area.) And she appears to be ahead of us. Hey, it's always better to follow somebody else through a minefield, isn't it? We're a hundred yards behind this other guy. We're headed in for a little SLEEEEEP. And then the other guy swings a

360 and falls in behind US. Now I'm really the blind leading the blind. Something, still just isn't right. And this isn't my boat.

As we lurched and yawed around the end of the rock groin, it came to me. The reason there was not white breaking water crashing off the break water was that the tide and swell were so high that the swells were just sliding over the wall without breaking. And the other "not right" about this was the deal with the lights. The one that was out, actually was the one marking the end of the groin. Sort of a double whammy. And I had pledged, years before, after entering this same difficult channel in fog so thick that I had never even seen the rocks or lights, I just figured I was inside because the boat stopped rolling, never to come in here if I wasn't sure.

Well, maybe it was after that other night in the fog when the Coast Guard patrol boat (you know, with radar) stationed itself at the end of the groin and proceeded to vector me down the WRONG side of the jetty. Funny how you can forget which side of your boat is which when you are glued to a heads-up display, I guess. Anyway, I broke my promise and charged on ahead. Every ounce of experience told me to stand off until daylight and come in when I could see what was what. Every nerve in my body said, "Do it. It'll be OK."

We made it. But it wasn't OK. Because it wasn't my boat. And, I left on a Friday. Yes, it could have been a whole lot worse.

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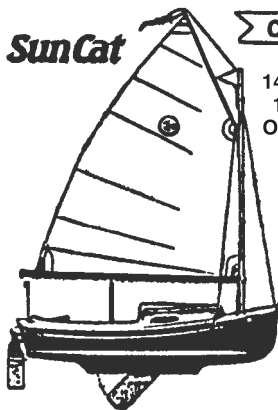
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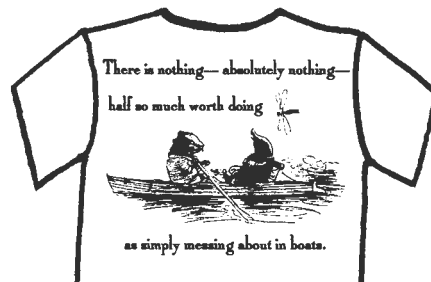
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If you try to pedal hard the speed increases, and you soon reach beyond the hull's effective velocity. Water is rolled into a wave under the bow and this wastes energy. In early trials water was also forced up the prop unit housing, but hopefully recent adaptations have cured this.



The drive unit is from a 'Surfbike and was donated by Roger the Hilldogger from Spokesfest. It is a removable unit that contains a chain drive to a propeller. The unit fits into a well type housing and sticks out of the bottom of the hull, as shown.



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Pedalmouse

The Pedalmouse is an 8' plywood boat based on a design by Gavin Atkin. I wanted to base my first pedal boat on a tried and tested hull shape that was small, light, and economical on materials. After searching a few boat building sites I found Gavin's plans for this little craft, and on reading the Mouseboats newsgroup I decided that this was a suitable design.

The logo on the bow is the Mouseboat symbol -08>. At some stage I will add the hull #M68P (registered Mousehull #68 Pedal).



The Pedalmouse is steered by a rudder, operated by cords that are attached to a bit of broom handle that can be gripped under the seat. The cords cross over to give the correct "natural" steering. This shot also shows detail of the seat, which folds flat for transporting and storage. The frame is ash and the mesh cover is tensioned with cord. The seat is mounted on aluminum runners for fore and aft adjustment. As you can see from the waterline, the Pedalmouse is only suitable for calm waters!



To transport the Pedalmouse, a trailer has been built that allows it to be towed behind a bike.

Mid-February brought some mild weather so we took the Pedalmouse out for another go.



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Gavin's Mouse design is very stable and inspires confidence, but I still can't get it to plane!



I don't understand how I almost get a rooster tail behind the boat when the prop is at the front?



At speed a little water is still forced up the drive housing but it has improved a lot.



Notice the windmill on the flagpole. This is linked to a dynamo which powers an electric motor that drives the propeller*.

*Or maybe not



This Melon Seed is a replica of the original Joe Liener boat. It was a project of our boat shop at the old Philadelphia Maritime Museum and was the last boat I was involved in there in 1992. The master builder was Jon Etheredge who was a graduate of the original Apprenticeship when Lance Lee and Dave Foster had it at the Maine Maritime Museum. Jon is a true Master though he only does boats as a hobby now, having gotten into computer work of some sort for SYSCO since then.

Jon and I had a very similar apprentice relationship with Joe and it was Joe who sent me to find and hire Jon because he was so impressed with his ability. The boat was sold to a fellow in New Jersey who had a place on the back bay near Tuckerton, I believe, but he wasn't much of a sailor and his place had very little water at low tide, so the dagger-board she wears caused him some frustration. He eventually put the boat in his barn where it sat for about eight untouched years.

I went looking for her when I was gathering boats to take to the big wooden boat festivals in France in 2000. She was a mess but we were able to clean her up with soap and water mostly. She was one of the hits of the show and everyone wanted to take a closer look at her as we sailed her around amongst the 5,000 boats from all over the world that

My Cortez Melonseed

By Roger Allen
Submitted by Mike Wick



were in attendance. When we brought her back to North Carolina afterwards we cleaned her up and the owner asked us to sell her for him rather than bring her back up north. We did, to one of our local TSCA fellows, John Ross, who took her up into the mountains of North Carolina where she still may be. He had one of Roger Crawford's glass Seeds for one of his daughters, too.

Finally, I'd arranged for the boat shop to build me one of the boats as well from the

same mold. By that time I was upstairs doing administrative and curatorial stuff already and I wanted one of these built by the best of the best since I couldn't get to it myself. The new Director, John Carter, and I didn't get along and when I left, after they had the boat's stem and transom ready to go on the mold, he cancelled the project. Jon Etheredge gave me the mold and parts when he left, a year or so after me, and I put them in storage. We'd never finished the plans for the boat so I eventually took the mold and got offsets from it, the transom, and the stem, and lofted the boat to full size while in North Carolina. We were working on a set of plans when I left there to come to Cortez.

When I got here I finished that project and then expanded the plans to come up with the mold we'd been using to build our boats with David Lucas, the Cortez Melons. The transom and stem for my boat are those that Jon Etheredge built over 15 years ago. Most of the mold that we've been using is actually the recycled mold that was used to build the boat in the picture. Our Melonseeds have the shape they have because their length was increased so that I could fair the lines into the existing transom and stem bevels. "Yer lookin at yer boats, Mama, if you built one off my mold."



Proa Progress

By Wes White

I am sending you a video of my proa. Since you have been kind enough to put it on the cover twice, I am assuming that you are interested. It was taken on two different excursions during our annual Coast House Week. My cousin sailed the boat in the scenes with the triangular sail. It was his first time in charge so the shunt that is shown is a little tentative. He did well, though. There is a short sequence after that where I was trying to show how little leeway it makes. It's hard to fall in directly behind another boat and stay there. Gives me a new appreciation for Horatio Hornblower on the Brest blockade.

The short clip at the end shows the full sail. The club and two additional triangles are one piece. There is a full-length zipper in each luff. Stuart Hopkins had a lot to do with that idea. The wind was just about dead on-shore and you can tell from the lack of wave action how flat calm it was. The wind never even approached 10mph in either of the trips. In my opinion, it is the fastest thing in ghosting conditions that I have ever seen.

We did have it out in close to 20 knots and found that the triangular sail is still too

much in such conditions. I'm just not interested in doing the Hobie Cat boogie. I built this thing to be practical and safe, not to stress it to the max. My plan is to design a complete, much smaller, rough weather rig (oceanic lateen, two yards) that will shunt in the traditional manner, but using the same mast.

The highest boat speed we saw on the GPS was about 12 knots. Just eyeballing it, we were going faster than that several times but I wasn't at leisure to check just then. That big sail develops a hell of a lot more force than I anticipated it would and the boat has a pretty substantial amount of initial stability. I have identified several more areas that need to be beefed up a bit. Live and learn.

I am delighted with Stuart's sail in both configurations. My sheet leads are too far aft and in really light winds the weight of the club distorts the setting of the full sail, but those kinds of thing are to be expected. For an untried concept, I can't see how it could have turned out any better.

Some fellow at Cedar Key said, "I'm surprised that Stuart agreed to make it for you."

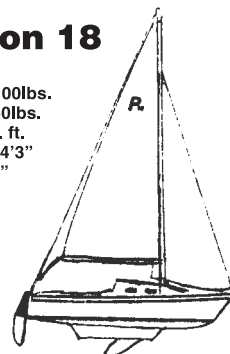
I replied, "I'm not, but I was surprised to see that he put his name on it." I sure am glad he did both.

Wes White, Thomasville, GA

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Over the last five issues we introduced our general understanding of the serious problems in the Northeast's fisheries, and in many ways that of the world's. After an introduction to the matter in Chapter 1, Chapters 2 and 3 discussed two versions of a completed design for an entry level 30' inshore fishing craft as one example of our response to this calamity. Chapter 4 described and illustrated its assembly process. In Chapter 5 we laid out a well-developed concept study for a lean 70' proposal we referred to as "30K220/70D" that had matured between 2002 and 2006 following our reasoning as a good compromise across several fisheries for inshore and off-shore utility; an earlier version of this project had been presented in the September 2004 issue of the National Fisherman and then named one of that year's "Best Ideas" in the January 2005 issue. In this issue we'll look at its conceptual predecessor we had called White Eel, a study for an 11kts Atlantic passage maker that would also fit into much of the European canal system as is; i.e., without any modifications.

White Eel's economics were on our mind when we observed in the local and regional fishing fleet the growing calamities of the decline in resource availability just as hardware, hull materials, and fuel cost were doubling and tripling. It was unlikely that the costs would come down to levels of just the recent past. And it was known that resource availability would remain highly restricted by scientific assessment until so-called stock rebuilding schedules had been met, only to remain under permanent control from then on to prevent repetition of the destructive expression of the "First Fisheries Paradigm" (see Chapter 1 in the July 1 issue).

Under these unyielding conditions only improving vessel economics would hold any promise of relief from the tightening chokehold on much of the fleet. Our reasoning was then, and is now, somewhat more refined, that particularly for the family/small business owned and operated inshore and off-shore fishing fleet only dramatically reduced first and operating costs would offer serious potential for survival. We have already outlined this across recent chapters of this narrative on "Messing About in Fishing Boats."

Unfortunately several reasons are standing in the way of adapting the thinking and the fleet structure to match these new conditions:

Uncertain business climate: In times of such serious economic and regulatory uncertainty no fisherman would be likely to invest iron reserves in new, unfamiliar vessel geometries in pursuit of better economics.

Preference for the familiar: More economic vessel geometries are of seemingly unusual appearance, in many ways alien to those with just their own life's memory. Historically speaking, of course, leaner geometries preceded the current ones as then modest power from sail and then limited power from early engines had favored very efficient

Bolger on Design

Messing About in Fishing Boats

Chapter 6 - Part 1

hull shapes. To current owners, familiarity with the visuals and the handling characteristics of the current fleet are, de facto, the only plausible reference points by which to judge other options, even those based on essentially ancient principles of efficiency and parsimonious consumption of expensive budget line items. And it is hard to fault that perspective.

Inefficiencies dictated by Law (!): The most important reason, though, of inefficient hull geometries is ironically, or better put, tragically, the regulation of fishing vessels by their length! Since, apparently, time immemorial the primary measurement of boats has been their length, apart from horsepower (good) and tonnage (more or less mysterious since it does not mean actual displacement but rather volume). With fishing permits primarily defined by vessel length, many builders have offered owners progressively wider hulls, leading to the current state-of-the-art proportion of, for instance, a 42' long boat measuring 20' in beam! They also got deeper to carry heavier engines and even more gear and ice weight as that wide beam now allows double plus the maximum load on that same 42' permit than distant ancestors would have dared for on a, say, moderately conventional 42'x13' hull.

In consequence it takes serious horsepower to drive these hulls to just hull speed, with one local example using 400hp to just reach full hull speed of between 8kts and 9kts. The fact is that in many fisheries this carry capacity is not readily usable these days under all sorts of catch restrictions. There are some exceptions in the Northeast, where in Maine lobstermen, for instance, use this wide footprint to carry hundreds of traps at a time out into the fishing ground at season's first day under the reasoning that the first one gets the most productive spots. And using this extra stability allows more aggressively rigged and powered inshore dragners. But in both cases the question is whether the inevitable daily fuel burn won't actually cancel out these gains.

Overall the idea of measuring a given fishing vessel's lethality to the resource in terms of its length has clearly led, ad absurdum, to wider, deeper, and more thirsty vessels which in the current and foreseeable oil cost environment will force harder fishing with respective consequences for the resource to cover operational cost at least. Which, of course, highlights the internal inconsistency of the law that on the one hand is clearly stated to explicitly protect and rebuild the resource, and

yet on the other hand fosters vessel obesity towards grotesque proportions that will burn extra fuel for the rest of the life of the craft while any definition of sustainability would point into the other direction.

Fishermen, being typically no fools, did see until recently serious economic value in these geometries, or at least the promise of it. This multiplication of carrying capacity per limited length permit would offer the opportunity "just in case" to strike it really rich with a less regulated species that can be landed in lucrative quantities, this assumes that one is the only one to have figured out this windfall lurking under the waters and thus do not find the ex-vessel price depressed after ten boats came in earlier with sudden large catches that overwhelmed any fish buyer's appetite or fish processor's capacity. But as regulation has tightened further and as fuel cost keeps rising overall (\$78+/barrel in early August) we notice some of the wide bodies hitting the used boat market in these parts for conversion from gillnetters to dragners, for instance. Anecdotes suggest that the "just in case" capacity reasoning has cost too much already for some.

While we have done some very wide boats for select applications, we've always understood the value of good speed for lower horsepower. Thus we are proposing in chats with fishermen the notion of how it would be if one were to rewrite permits by each extant hull's weight (well-defined and examined). Today every coast has a plethora of travel lifts that can simply lift each hull and give you a reading of its weight to the nearest 1,000lbs or tons, depending. We understand that the largest one in New England may well be in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, with a capacity of something like 300+ tons. As 98% of all fishing vessels in the Northeast are travel lift capable, we propose to measure the weight of a given fishing craft and then add this number as an alternative hard specification for the permit, to be used as a choice in lieu of the traditional length number. Thus a 42'x20' boat might weigh as much as a lean 70'x12' geometry. And since length makes for easy speed, the resulting vessel economics look much more appropriate for the rigors of the early 21st century than length limitations by law fostering fat uneconomical geometries, after all a 6' person may weigh a sound 180lbs or a problematic 400lbs...

Top heavy dragging would not be a good idea off a slender type but most every other type of fisheries is suddenly much more economically and thus ecologically plausible, as narrower longer hulls will favor more resource sensitivity selective fishing techniques at much reduced carbon footprint. Instead of bragging about how large the catch was, it may become more commonplace to ask how little it cost the vessel owner to get the legally allowable catch and how little the damage was to the resource and its habitat per unit taken. After all, sustainability of the resource equals sustainability of the fleet and town.

With that bee in our bonnet in 2002 we looked at our recent conceptual work and immediately reconfigured in our minds this lean 70' transatlantic passage maker that was intended to run at near 11kts between the shortest crossings for least weather exposure over five days or so, such as St. Johns (Newfoundland) to the Azores (1,600nm) and Azores to any West European shoreline (less distance) before ducking into the tight European canal system with its hull draft, beam, and, particularly, air draft restrictions of bridges, locks, and tunnels. Near 11kts is good for acceptable progress upstream in any of the rivers. Using only 110hp to move some 40,000lbs of medium loaded hull at that speed seems like an intriguing case study of what hull geometries might hold what economic lessons for our local fisheries as well. And you just saw it somewhat widened and increased in height in Chapter 5.

This study was initially conceived in 2000 for a dot.com winner whose funding apparently dwindled, though, and it never proceeded. Then we offered it to Phil Smith, an old client who had over many concept studies become a friend, but who unfortunately was killed last summer during a cross country trip on his bicycle as a family in a minivan turned the wrong way, a tragedy for all involved.

The name of the concept is White Eel and in our new designation it would be a 20K110/70D or a 20,000lbs carrying hull, pushed by 110hp continuous rating, measuring 70' in length in a displacement speed configuration. So here, at last, goes the edited 2000 text (again) much of it in staccato fashion:

That Name??!!

We had called her Eel since early on with those unassuming wriggly/wiggly things traveling between the Sargasso Sea and many European rivers... Well, you get the drift. As far as we know there is no species White Eel. But it sounds both unexpected, less presumptuous than many names, and offers the understatement she benefits from anyway. Beats Thumper or Repo-Queen.

What you would call your boat is entirely up to you and we don't mean to intrude on that choice with our in-house moniker! It just happens to identify the project better than yet another "so-and-so boat"...

Basic Parameter

White Eel was arrived at quite rationally, apparently even that name... Several big issues went into the hopper:

One's wish list, plus desirability of minimizing power requirements to maximize range as a matter of safety and itinerary options, and using higher hull speed to minimize big water crossing time, which in turn cuts time of open sea exposure. This is a good thing as a matter of principle and offers higher escape velocity to purposefully evade serious weather trouble, which in conjunction with her generous fuel capacity allows one to more likely miss the nasty conditions so much dramatic prose is spent on in various cruising stories as unavoidable. Two old, but still true, notions apply here, that "length runs," here offering a top speed of near 11kts, and that "length is cheap," if you don't add internal complexity in the process.

It helps that her purpose includes not being a marina queen, stagnant 98% of her lifetime with just dollar-per-foot length bills showing dynamic movement. Actually, a book on barging in Europe points out that being oversized for marinas often puts one amongst

"real ships" for the night, whose along the key tie up fee schedule is much more advantageous. On the other hand, there are many shallow areas on even the fast flowing, busy major rivers where only she could sink her anchor into the gravel, not to mention stagnant waters of oxbows or the intimacy among overhanging trees flanking small tributaries.

And the proposed itinerary helps also to avoid the "Flying Dutchman Syndrome" so rampant amongst many pseudo and actual passage making power cruisers whose draft and shippy superstructures and masts all conspire to make entry of shallows, estuaries, rivers, and canals rather hazardous if not eventually impossible. They are both too deep for reasonably carefree inshore and inland exploration ("...hazardous sands and deceptive shoals...") and then they eventually are too tall when even deeper rivers and canals are blocked by bridges or "Nord-Banks," forbid, tunnels! What remains are "dodge that tanker" sessions in deep channels under high bridges to be eventually pummeled and scared into submissiveness to the fact that passage makers belong on the high seas...

All this assumes, of course, that they can make the speed over ground against the highest current speed typically confined to that same deep-dredged channel without becoming a de facto obstacle to navigation washed by waves and veering under venturi currents of faster 2,000 ton standard inland freighters, all while evading downhill incoming traffic of twice that speed. Ergo, once one has gotten past the seaport's breakwater in one of those, all one can/should do is to eventually leave again for another distant port, no wonder that crew was strapped to the mast...

Offshore, White Eel's generous range and burst speed allow right angle away from the advancing quadrant evasion of threatening weather and still offer reliable landfall on more than fumes. Remember Robert Beebe's cancelled "European Adventure" in Mona Mona (we think) when a week of headwinds ruined that year's cruising plans for Europe as her range was too limited to make it across and she did New England instead...

Inland climbing up into the heart of Europe, White Eel will be able to slide uphill, likely even up the infamous current of the Rhone, able to play the eddies along shore and particularly maximize progress in the slow current shallows of a river bend's inside. Particularly against moderate to higher riverine currents, whether normal due to topography, a wet summer's runoff, or the annual snow melt, extra hull speed knots paired with sturdy shoal water capability will make all the difference between daily struggle and predictable and safer progress outside the crowded channel.

On the next level of conceptual detail of a family long range power cruiser, what matters (to us) are:

Variable/fuel weight location.
Power plant weight location and accessibility.

Wheelhouse habitability for the whole crew, navigating, steering, sightseeing, cooking, and eating.

Modest but comfortable crew quarters with good separation between cabins, here with the children's cabin offering particularly ample floor space for play and learning, using folding chairs and table(s) on demand with (toy) storage under the floorboards and the berths.

A single but generous head with enclosed stock 60"x30" bathtub closely located for plumbing simplicity near the galley.

Serious energy storage for quiet consumption at will.

Good enough fresh water storage with matching grey water holding tank, both allowing extended periods of zero intake at sea and zero discharge, such as wintering on an iced-up dock in London, Hamburg, Stockholm, where neither pump-out is physically possible for weeks/month nor plain dumping is feasible, but perhaps a YMCA for endless showering sessions between 6gal rinses.

Thermal qualities reasonably adequate to stay healthily for a winter in said locations, for instance, advantages of plywood and foam construction in terms of unsinkability.

A tender/lifeboat/light camp cruiser, carried, instantly deployable even in nastier conditions.

All in a stout home buildable structure philosophically well connected to smaller Tahiti (#653).

Should, despite our assumptions, she turn out to be a terrible roller, her relatively higher power (versus our whimpy 40'x9'x45hp #653 Tahiti) along with her slender midsection would allow use of mild paravane gear mounted right abaft her house; we'll make sure there is enough meat for through bolting.

We had looked at both shorter and wider concepts. But they either had too much fat to build and carry around expensively or they were compact but too cramped with not enough tankage for fuel, water, batteries, requiring partial double-decking with folding geometries. skimpily tender/camp cruiser if any, etc. Neither were good enough to pursue further nor to show in public. They were good exercises to confirm the basic rationale underlying Tahiti in this larger envelope as well to pull together home doability, cost effectiveness, fuel economy, ergonomics, and a modicum of safety.

Some (sort of kinda like)

Hard Numbers

Before going over her in more detail, here are her particulars, preliminary numbers that is!

Length overall: 69'
Length @ DWL: 64'6"
Breadth over 4"x4" rubrails: 11'7"
Breadth @ DWL: 9'10"
Breadth of hull bottom: 9'
Draft @ DWL over skeg: 2'6"
Draft w/full fuel load DWL plus 2"(overload)
Draft over skeg w/full fuel: 2'8"
Draft to hull bottom: 2'
Draft over skeg w/minimal fuel: 2'3"
Height overall (over solid non-folding structures), mast folded: 11'9"
Height afloat @ DWL: 9'7" (vs. 10'+ min. French canal clearances) allowing for low fuel supply
Displacement @ DWL: 46,800lbs (20.9 long tons) w/2,550lbs/inch immersion @ DWL
Displacement w/full fuel load: 52,100lbs (23.25 long tons)
Power: Deutz BF4MI013 (wet liners!) radiator cooled 4-cylinder w/291cid and 107hp continuous at 2300rpm
Fuel capacity: 2x580 + 2x380 = 1,920 US gallons
Fresh water capacity: 2x180 = 360 gallons
Holding tank capacity: 1x155 + 1x290 = 445 gallons
Battery capacity: three banks of 6x2V industrial true deep-cycle Trojan 137T25 with 1,957ah (@20hr rat.) = 5,871ah nominal or 70kwh stored power, at advertised 1,500 cycles industrial duty

Max hull speed (nominal): 10.76kts, possibly exceedable with her slender shallow shape

In terms of her overall weight @ DWL of 46,800lbs, the following numbers put more meat on the bones:

Structural weight (ply only): 23,500lbs, or approx. 470 standard sheets of 1/2" fir plywood (with hull bottom alone coming in at 5,600lbs!)

Drive train weight (engine w/batt, 1+3 alts, gear, shafting, prop, rudders, actuators): 2,000lbs

Full fuel weight: 13,800 lbs

Partial (@ DWL) fuel weight: 8,500lbs @ 1,170 gallons of Diesel

Battery weight: 5,300lbs (also permanent ballast)

Fresh water weight: 3,000lbs

Total weight: 47,600lbs assuming 2" overdraft (2'8") at full fuel (de facto 52,000lbs displacement), leaving a margin of around 4,400lbs for epoxy, glass, glass-glass/polycarbonates, paint, ground tackle, misc. hardware, food, tools and spares, nav/com gear, toys, clothing, lifeboat/camp cruiser, and (!)crew.

Add to that the option to have her be an inch or two over her lines in the rare full fuel condition, not an unreasonable idea, offering enough margin for error, weight creep, etc.

It all seems quite adequately realistic at this preliminary stage, subject to confirmation later, of course. We already know that we'll change her plan view shape some to reduce bow trim variations with fuel burn by moving the CB forward, which will also likely pick up another ton of displacement and a few more welcome inches of elbow room around the helm, for instance. Assuming one likes her, final assessments of her will yield numbers in regards to the option of steel plating from just aft of amidships on forward for more peace of mind beaching/grounding out her full cruising weight.

Her Layout Heavy Weights

Clearly the significant variable weight of fuel does determine the overall layout of the passage making power cruiser, not the power plant (!), common design practices notwithstanding. To feed even this modest power plant of just over 100hp for an oceanic crossing, maximizing tankage is paramount and thus its location and impact on her trim across fuel burn. As the numbers above indicate, we assume an overload with full fuel, and normal DWL trim at 60% capacity.

Her overall waterline trim change should be around 5"-6" (2"+/- below to 3+ above WL), with an inherent and unavoidable change in feel and head sea behavior short of giving up useful volume to separate saltwater trim tanks (a'la Bell's Puffer in MAIB), as her bow comes up more than her stern for a final mild (5" over 69' length!) nose up trim at near empty fuel tanks. But between her 5,600lbs heavy bottom and the 5,300lbs of batteries (20-25% ballast ratio), her overall stability will be adequate while her near full length squarish midsection continues to slow her roll, irrespective of trim.

Drive Train

Down the list of weights the engine and the rest of her drive train are where they should be in her stern. As in Tahiti, this dramatically reduces the impact upon crew from

emissions of noise, vibration, ambient heat, and it avoids right off the bat the losses to the useable interior volume from necessary additional bulky ventilation ducting and the added hazards of routing 1,000+ degree exhaust gases should they have to emerge out from the middle of your living room, so frequently dictated in typical passage maker designs. Initial assembly, access to, and maintenance of the drive train is thus just about as good as necessary for reliability's sake.

Subterranean holy places run the predictable risk of less than enthusiastic willingness to visit them, reducing real time grasp of evolving problems (most serious problems on engines announce their coming quite well in advance!), not to mention problem solving of malfunctions of devices behind and under another must-have piece of hardware under the floorboards somewhere...

Her cooling and combustion air intake is a straight and short distance down from her boat deck, while the heated cooling air is pumped into a plenum (to catch precipitation despite forced updraft) and then straight up past a lid that can be lowered whenever the engine will be off for a while and one wants neither nesting creatures nor falling leaves and wet snow to accumulate. Two 90-degree bends plus a 60-degree turn will route out the dry exhaust system, lagged inside up to its entry into the updraft plenum box where the muffler and tailpipe still at 400-600 degrees are cooled off by the comparatively cooler hot cooling air being pushed out of the radiator at around 190-210 degrees.

You are familiar with the logic from Tahiti. We trust that the remaining heat/warmth won't peel the paint off the tender/camp cruiser and a simple curved aluminum shield would send the stuff skyward, aft with a starboard tilt, right past the tailpipe cum flip cap.

What is different from Tahiti is her gearing and propeller arrangement. Tahiti's out-drive was already at its torque limit (though manufacturer sanctioned!) with the power specified. One alternative is to buy a matching semi-old production Schottel drive (360 degree prop plus 60+ degree tilt-up) but amounting to a multiple of the engine's cost... Schottels are magic but would likely bust your budget. View the Lily video for a scaled down but true representation of a Schottel's capabilities; i.e., parallel parking or turning in less than your length, etc. Lily's 360-degree trolling motor thrusting capability would be addictive on a large scale. A new Schottel would be 30,000+ big ones, a used one half or less, and her stern configuration could be adapted. Check the web at Schottel and for used units from Dutch Schraven BV, collector of such devices, schravenbv.com, or so.

Rather, we propose the F-N-R 10-degree standalone Vee-drive (3-4,000 from ZF) driven via two Aqua Drive shafts (four CV joints plus center bearing similar to your three-joint Caprice sedan driveshaft) for more angle adaptability (final design dependent!) and thorough isolation of engine generated vibration/noise. The Vee-drive gearbox takes the prop shaft thrust and sits under your master closet intruding some on its vertical expanse while requiring downwards a developable surfaced V-bustle to allow adequate access to that vital gear for maintenance and repairs.

Ergo, unlike Tahiti, no tilt-up to get at the prop but we propose to use an old fashioned access well slanted from port towards centerline under the engine with flow smooth bottom panel (as in Lily) and a watertight

high enough lid on top well above DWL to allow taking that tree pruner gadget to cut and pinch through Grand Banks fisheries souvenirs around the prop shaft. That skeg should help a lot but one still wants to be able to get to it from above. Go ahead and carry a wetsuit if you want...

The twin rudders flanking the prop make up in double area what a single one could not deliver on this draft and are nominally balanced although you still may need the max 30" wheel to manually control the rudders under full prop thrust. Our Resolution 51'x11'x2'6" now carries such rudders and despite straight full length keel she turns in between 11/2 and two times her length with rudders over 45 degrees (90 degrees total travel) and the prop wash bouncing off the blown blade to 70-75 degrees off boat centerline(!), quite spectacular and effective for maneuvering in tight quarters, but requires a strong actuator (will advise!) for the hydraulics not to pop open the relief valve under full throttle forward thrust as that might just near straighten the blades out... With her proposed shape, much better than Resolution's (1978 motor sailer vintage), this hull might just turn within 1 1/2 times her length or less.

With Resolution's unusual prop shaft through the sternpost arrangement the rudder's primary reason for being was controlling her in reverse, something she now tolerates quite well, allowing thrust out to one side only when reversing, offering mild but very useful stern thrusting on just a single screw. In fact, we ran her backwards through a tight tidal creek maximally three times her beam, doing multiple 45-degree and 90-degree turns, including a 180 at a pool on the other end for a true two-way run claim. We'll try to integrate this geometry into this stern here as well when the time comes. If possible, even an electric outboard type instant deployable bow thruster might prove mostly unnecessary in typical tight maneuvering, a later option anyway should one need it.

Other than that, her prop diameter of 22" is moderate but, we think, adequate for a boat of her slenderness and power and a more or less clean flow into it and no obstructions behind it should transmit the engine's power well enough to do max hull speed at max. engine rpm.

(Read Part 2 of Chapter 6 in next issue)

Editor Comments:

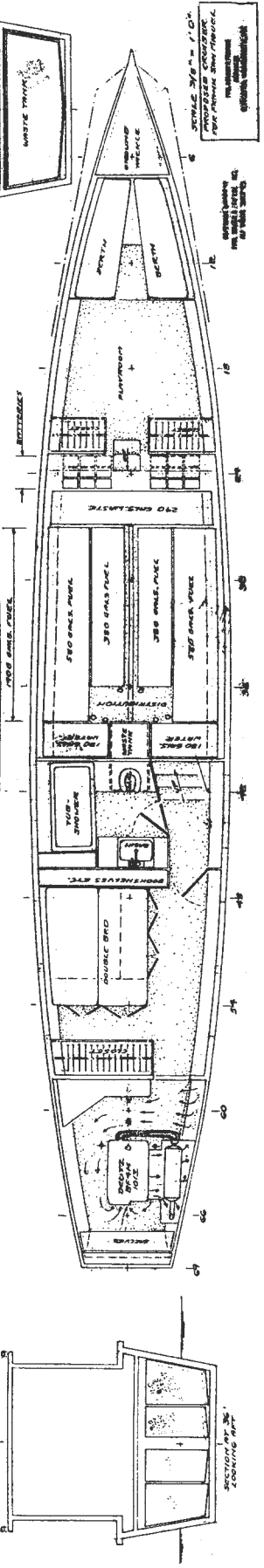
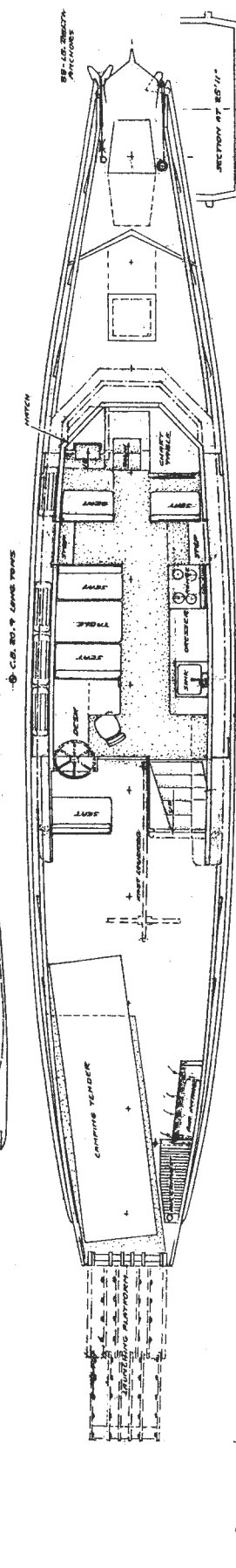
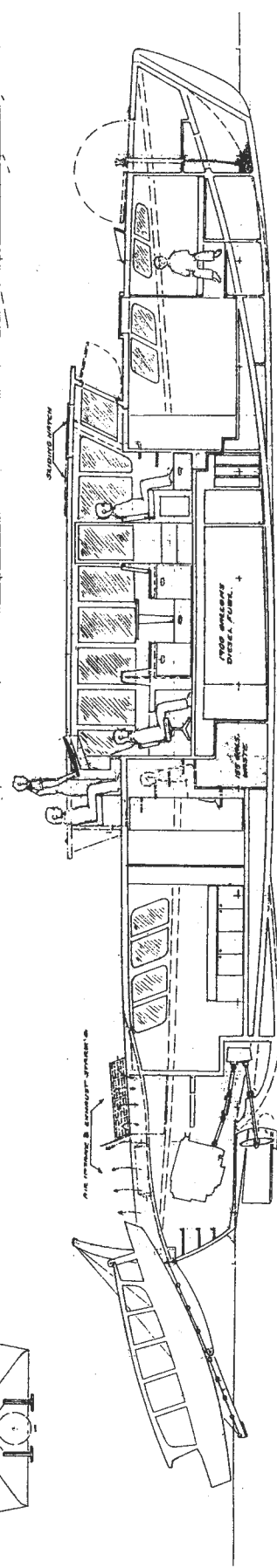
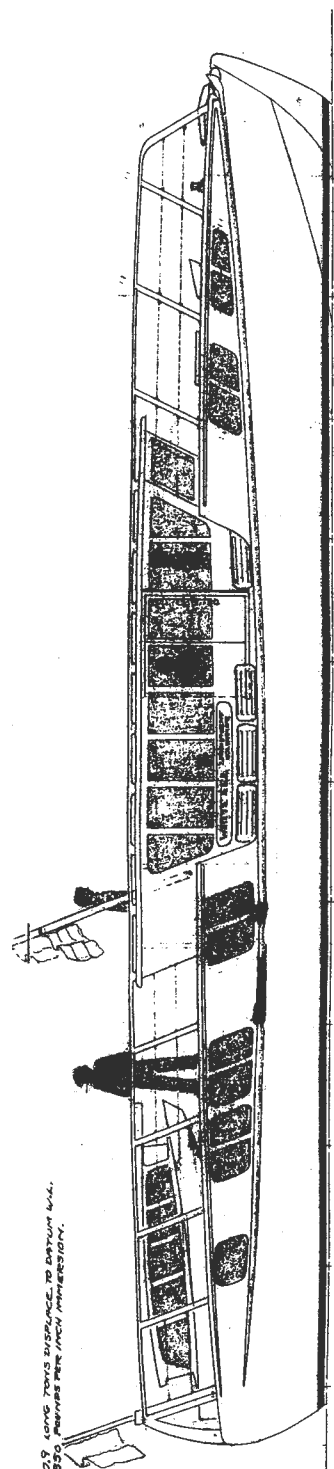
This installment of the ongoing discussion "Messing About in Fishing Boats" first appeared in the September 15 issue with its second page replaced by a page taken from the September 1 issue during the final pre-press prep procedures at our printer. I felt the only way to correct this glaring mistake was to re-run the entire article rather than just the missed page.

How could this happen? I had seen and approved the final proof in which the correct page was in place. AFTER my approving the proof the substitution was made "in error." The computerized procedure going to press apparently has in it the potential for an "error" to be made after my approval of the proof.

"Bolger on Design" wraps up the "Messing About in Fishing Boats" series in the October 1 issue and reverts to looking at small boat designs in the November 1 issue.

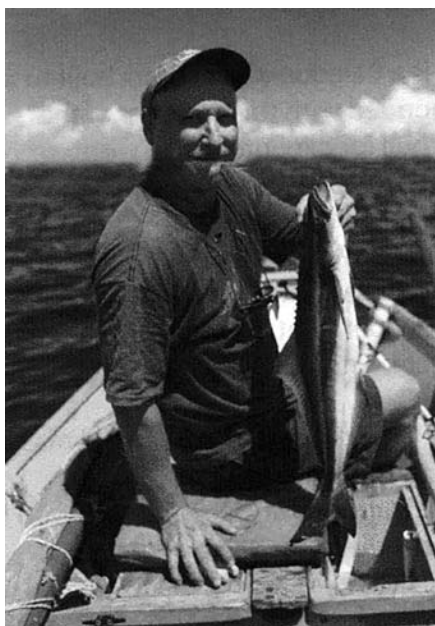
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 8' 0" DEPTH OVER BULB HOLDINGS
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Evolution of a Bird Wing Sailboat Mast

By Ken Ford

Necessity is indeed the mother of invention. When my fishing buddy of 20 years, Dennis Croy, complained loudly about the old conventional sailboat mast being in the way of his fishing, I had to do something because he has a talent for communicating his point of view in progressively more obnoxious ways until one realizes that he's never going to abandon the subject. If I argue with him, it only makes matters worse. With this catalyst for experimentation I began looking at ways of building a mast that would curve out of his way while fishing and still be able to set a decent sail should the old two-horse motor ever conk out.

In the picture of Dennis and his cobia (that was released) you can just see the old mast sticking out from the gunwale on the starboard side. He was right. This mast either had to be running down the center of the boat to be inboard or it was sticking way out and getting in the way of landing fish, our big priority.

I glued up a curved mast that curved out of his way and everybody was happy. After building and setting sail with the new mast, I began thinking of many ways of improving the design. It

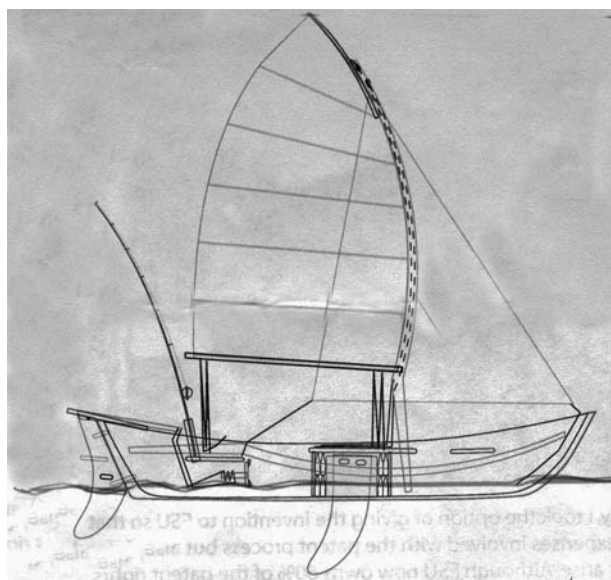
finally came to the point where it seemed like the idea of a sickle-shaped mast may actually be an invention worthy of a patent.

As an employee of Florida State University, I took the option of giving the invention to FSU so that the university would not only pay for all expenses involved with the patent process but also defend the patent in court should that need ever arise. Although FSU now owns 60% of the patent rights, I figure 40% of something is a lot better than 100% of nothing. In any case, I now have a mast that stores out of the way so we can cast top water plugs in the early morning glassy conditions, and yet when the wind picks up in the afternoon we can set sail to troll for mackerel. This storable mast also makes it possible for two rowing stations with the mast stored so it could be a good thing for participation in a raid type events or maybe the Watertribe Everglades Challenge.

Xena, my new boat which I exhibited at the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport last June, is a Caledonia Yawl that I built to better showcase my second generation storable mast. I have corresponded with the designer of the Caledonia Yawl, Iain Oughtred, to get permission to use the CY as the hull for experimentation with my sickle-shaped mast. Mr. Oughtred has been very supportive of my efforts and even agreed to be listed as an expert on the patent application. He basically said, "Have fun!"

I did not have the time to properly finish *Xena* and still participate in the show so I now apologize to Mr. Oughtred for the poor quality of the build. There was also the fact that *Xena* will be a working fishing boat and not really meant to dazzle anyone, just catch fish from. My main purpose for being in the WoodenBoat Show was to generate interest in this new type of storable mast and, of course, see all the great boats!

I owe special thanks to my wife, Reta, for sewing the sails and putting up with me through the boat and mast building and to my friend, Dennis Fagen, for agreeing to make the long trip to Connecticut from Florida with me.



Below: My sister and I on a shakedown cruise on Matanzas Bay, St. Augustine, Florida. To the right is the first prototype stored in my old dory/skiff



My first exposure to strip planked fiberglass covered construction was an 11' dinghy built about 20 years ago, but her second owner still uses her. She was covered with 3/4oz fiberglass. I had little experience with the stuff at the time and as a result I started the job one pleasant summer morning, finishing at about noon. And as the day became warmer, the bubbles started to appear. By the time the epoxy had cured at noon the boat looked like it had poison ivy. The expensive lesson learned, of course, was when fiberglassing a boat on a rising temperature, the air trapped in any wood under the fiberglass expands and bubbles grow as the air temperature increases. Nowadays the glass goes on the wood in the afternoon when temperatures are relatively stable just before sunset, or at least after the heat's been turned off so the shop starts to cool and the air in the wood behind the coating is contracting. Bubbles are now pretty much a pest of the past.

Recently some friends wanted to build a Pigmy kayak, glass covered, and I said I'd help them. All went well and their dream took the shape of a classic Pigmy with sapele mahogany strakes and coamings. Properly done, 3/4oz fiberglass can be laid on so that it disappears completely, and so it did, adhering nicely to the beautiful sapele. The trouble started after the covering went on, they decided it was chilly and built a fire in the old boatshop stove.

You know the rest. The boat had a classy sheen and everything looked great except for little white spots where the air expanded and little bubbles appeared. There weren't many and they weren't all over the boat as in my

Bubbles is Troubles

By Stephen Bobo

previous debacle. The structure wouldn't be affected but their dream was to have the boat look like a piece of furniture so they viewed the white spots with some dismay. Now the classic fix has always been to sand the stuff down and start all over, expensive and time consuming. Painting over it, the great hinder of all mess-ups, was not an option since bright mahogany was the goal.

Although not simple, the fix was reliable, workable, and effective. Here in Massachusetts pharmacies can legally sell hypodermic needles to individuals over 18. A bag of ten is about \$2. Now these aren't boat builders' syringe and needle things, these are meant for humans and the biggest gauge they had was #30. Looking at it, the first thing that comes to mind is that for something as small as that one ought to be able to get along without it altogether. The needle part was almost invisible and the syringe held 1cc, about the volume in a marble. The body of the syringe is about 1/4" in diameter and filling it with epoxy is a bit of a chore.

The real problem is to get the epoxy to struggle through the needle itself. If it's warm, about 70°F, then the epoxy is fairly thin and it's possible after a minute or two to find a tiny bubble of epoxy at the tip of the needle. But it's enough. Thinning the epoxy with about 5% acetone helps. It's possible, according to the experts at Gougeon, to thin

epoxy using acetone without affecting cure, however, shrinkage is a problem if there is considerable volume.

Turns out the needle is too fragile to puncture even the thin layer of fiberglass over the bubble so each bubble had to be punctured with an upholstery needle or a pushpin. Then, with a steady and deft hand, it's possible to ooch (a technical term, learned from a nurse) the needle into the bubble cavity through the hole made by the pin.

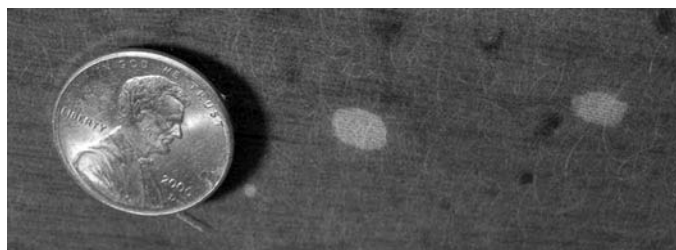
For small bubbles, as one finds with the rising temperature thing, the glass is re-adhered and there doesn't seem to be much effect from adding less than 5% acetone. Any acetone seems to diffuse harmlessly into the wood structure. Just be sure to insert the needle as far into the cavity as possible and squeeze in epoxy until the cavity is filled. If the needle is worried into the back of the cavity, the epoxy can be observed backfilling with the air being forced out the entry hole as the syringe is squeezed. When finished, the bubble disappears like magic. The white spot is now full of clear epoxy. The fiberglass membrane is again tightly adhered to the wood, and looks OK.

It's not certain whether this procedure will work on bubbles much more than a 1/2" in diameter but at 20¢ a syringe and considering the alternative, it's worth a try. The fix when finished is effectively dry on the surface. Wipe off any surface epoxy with a clean rag dampened with acetone and the surface is ready to varnish immediately.

A day later the bubble had effectively disappeared, my friends had their gold plater, and I can get back to making my own mistakes.



The Pygmy Coho, 17'loa, 30" beam, weight without paddles and accessories 34lbs.



The problem: Small bubbles all over the boat.

The fix: A medical syringe and hypodermic used for diabetes insulin injection.



Steps 1 & 2: Poke a hole in the bubble with a sail needle, hat pin or push pin. Introduce the needle into the hole as far as possible and begin to fill the bubble with epoxy. It takes, skill, technique and luck. If the needle is inserted into the bubble at a low spot, another hole will have to be made near the top.

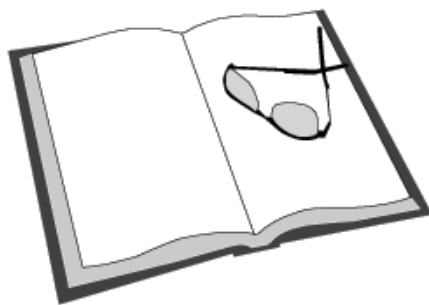
Fill the bubble hole until there's no more white. The needle can generally be seen in the bubble. The bubble is full when the plunger stops and the epoxy starts making a bead at the entrance. At this point it is possible to see the needle, the bottom of the bubble and a blob of epoxy at the entrance.



Author Joe Russell has, according to the jacket credits, spent two years assembling background material and interviewing surviving family members to create this chronicle of the sailing life of Captain Lou Kenedy. Probably the last man to make a profit running freight, charters, and frequently contraband along the Atlantic Coast, Kenedy did not scruple over the nature of his cargoes, he simply delivered them (usually on time) to wherever they were desired.

The foreword to the book is written by Bill Bolling, husband of Patsy, the eldest Kenedy daughter. Patsy was also an occasional sailing master on Lou's boats starting at a tender young age. There are lots of anecdotal facts crammed into the foreword, preface, and prologue. This material includes facts about his married life and family which add some insight to his onshore activities. Each of his many vessels is detailed in its own chapter including history, photographs, and specifications as well as builder's information and action photographs where available. Russell has done a thorough job of providing the reader with lots of background material to support the nautical part of the story line.

One of Kenedy's more famous commands, *The City of New York*, was used by Admiral Byrd as a staging and supply vessel in support of Byrd's famous flight over the South Pole in 1929. *The City*, like many of Kenedy's vessels, was acquired inexpensively in 1944 and refit for cargo service. There is a lot of anecdotal material about *The City* including a brief mention of her coming under tow by the steam tug *Foundation Franklin*, herself an interesting vessel. As an aside, let me highly recommend Farley Mowatt's excellent book, *The Gray Seas Under*, which is a riveting account of *Foundation Franklin's* unbelievable career as a salvage tug. Some



Book Review

The Last Schoonerman: The Remarkable Life of Captain Lou Kenedy

By Joe Russell
254 pages Softbound \$24.95
ISBN-10 09789350-0-4
Published 2006

The Nautical Publishing Company
www.NauticalPublishing.com

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

other commands include a small steel-hulled motor ship, an 83' WWII ex-Coast Guard vessel once used as a filming vessel for the original Flipper movie, and a yacht once owned by E.F. Hutton.

I found this book to be an enjoyable and fast read and appreciated all the nautical facts

and history as presented. Oddly, it took me a quite while to sit down and write this review. After several weeks of cogitating about what I'd read, it finally came to me, the most remarkable thing about *The Last Schoonerman* is what it doesn't say about the Captain himself. For example, it isn't unheard of for a prodigal son of a well-to-do family to take off on a non-traditional career direction. But usually there is some formative event or situation that drives a young man away from a cushy family situation.

So I found myself speculating if there might have been some family friction or circumstance that made young Lou quit Georgetown University in 1928 to be a cook on a Chesapeake coastal schooner. More facts about young Captain Lou's character based on his early upbringing might have shed some light on the more remarkable aspects of his adult personality and would have helped to explain his motivations.

The book treats us to numerous examples of Kenedy's often explosive anger, so much so that it got me wondering what kind of person he was at heart. There were also some unappetizing (to me) examples of the Captain's tendency to make sure he always came out ahead, even if it meant pulling a gun to make his point. Certainly it took a shrewd business sense and a ruggedly individualistic temper to make a living, let alone be a success, at his chosen trade. Still, I thought author Joe Russell's descriptions illuminated an obstinate rather than a heroic nature, particularly since Captain Lou evidently held everyone he had business dealings with in some sort of personal contempt.

In summary, I enjoyed this book overall and would recommend it to any *MAIB* reader, but didn't quite agree with the romantic reviews I found about Captain Lou on the web.

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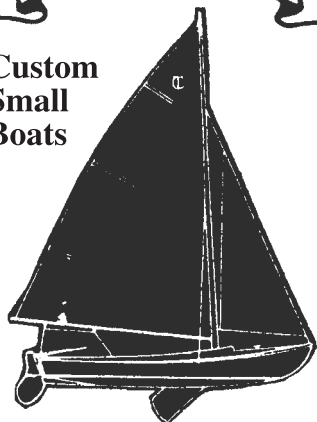
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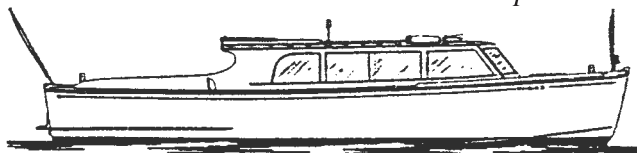


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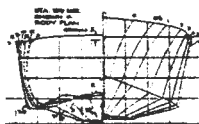
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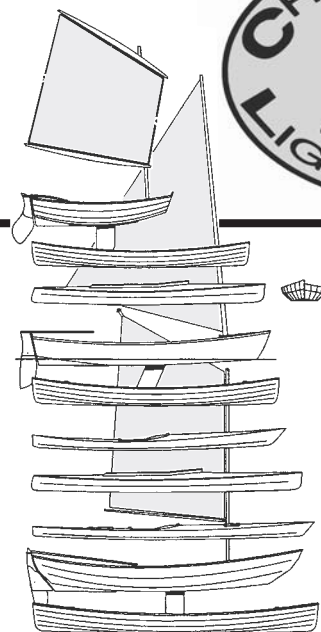
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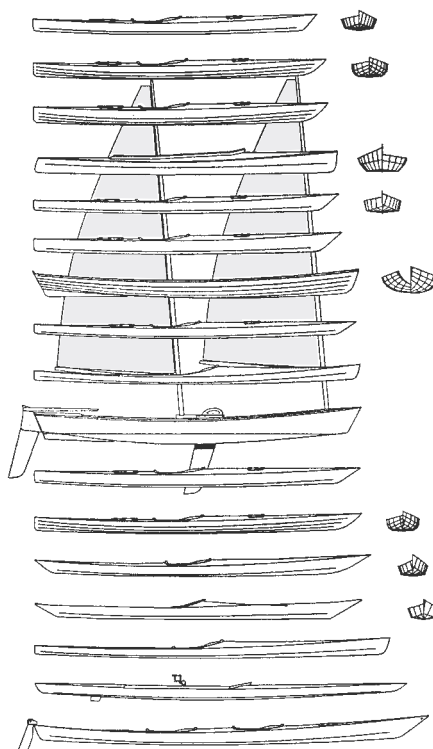
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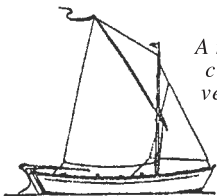
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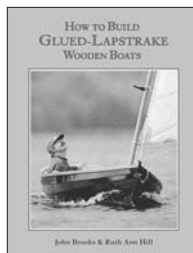


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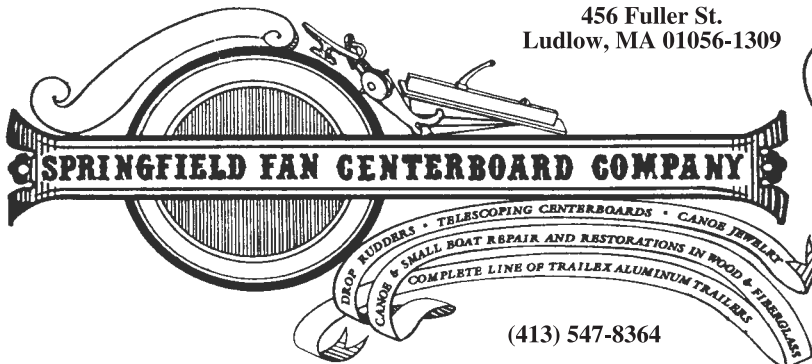
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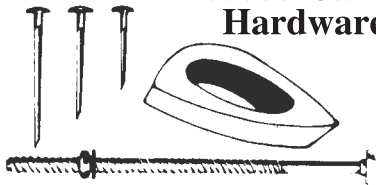
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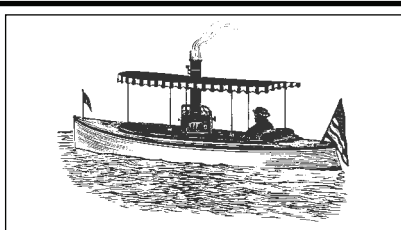


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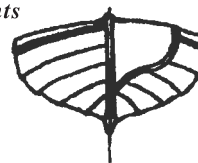
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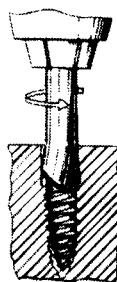
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Matsushita Blades, we are offering the 36 tooth, 71/4" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.

BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

Sailboat Fittings, bronze gooseneck, 2 double bronze deck blocks, bronze stem piece, bronze cam cleat, 2 bronze jamb cleats, bronze cleat, 2 ash wood cleats, bronze pelican hook, 28' 5/32" ss wire and 25' 5/32" ss wire (both never used w/attached eyes).

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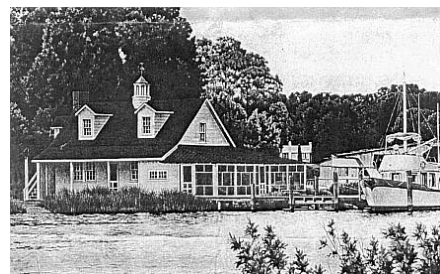
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Info on these shows is available at usboat.com



Rod Johnstone is probably the most prolific and respected sailboat designer in the world. He began, as so many of us did, building a boat in his garage. Today, tens of thousands of his boats are sailed and raced throughout the world.

We don't know what Rod thinks of our new sailing rig (seen below) but he said of his Vermont Fishing Dory, "I'll tell you, I just love rowing that boat."



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